

GOLDEN



TRUTHS



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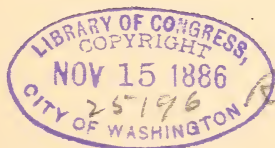




GOLDEN TRUTHS

EDITED BY
C. A. MEANS

"A WORD FITLY SPOKEN IS LIKE APPLES OF GOLD IN
PICTURES OF SILVER."



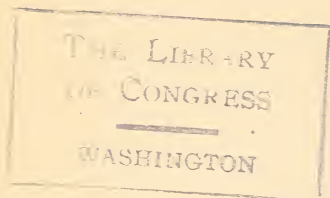
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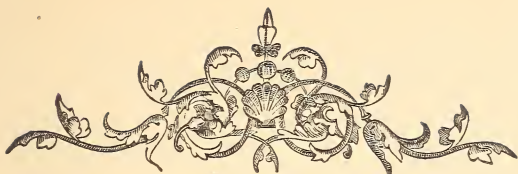
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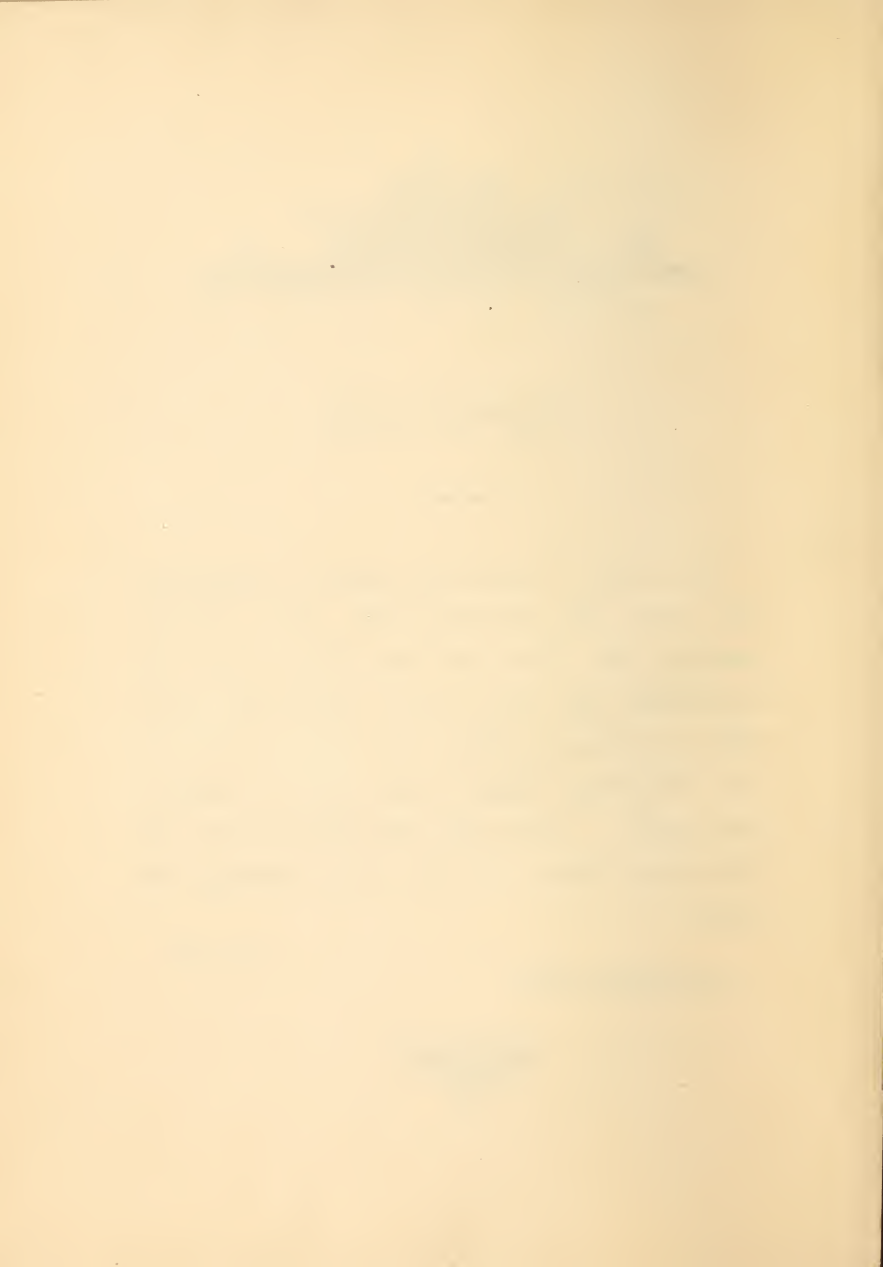


MAY these "words fitly spoken" strengthen the Inner Life in your soul; and, notwithstanding the Trials by the Way, may the Christian's Joy and Peace abide with you! May you love to Work for Christ, and find the Unfailing Friend ever near to support and guide! Then safe you shall rest in the Heavenly Home at last, every longing satisfied.

C. A. M.

DORCHESTER, MASS.



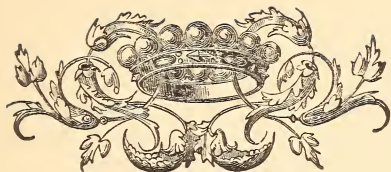




	PAGE
THE INNER LIFE	3
Love to God	3
Prayer	7
Sorrow for Sin	26
Faith and Trust	29
Joy and Peace	47
TRIALS BY THE WAY	65
WORK FOR CHRIST	117
THE UNFAILING FRIEND	175
THE HEAVENLY HOME	211







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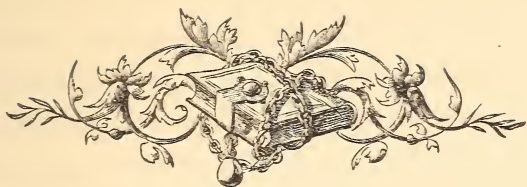
THE INNER LIFE.



"ABIDE IN ME, AND I IN YOU. AS THE BRANCH CANNOT BEAR FRUIT OF ITSELF, EXCEPT IT ABIDE IN THE VINE; NO MORE CAN YE, EXCEPT YE ABIDE IN ME."—John xv. 4.







THE INNER LIFE.



"**I**F any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Now, what we observe in this is, that St. John takes it for granted that we must love something. If not the love of the Father, then of necessity the love of the world. Love misplaced, or love rightly placed,—you have your choice between these two: you have not your choice between loving God or nothing. No man is sufficient for himself. Every man must go out of himself for enjoyment. Something in this universe besides himself there must be to bind the affections of every man. There is that within us which compels us to attach ourselves

to something outward. The choice is not this, — Love, or be without love. You cannot give the pent-up steam its choice of moving or not moving. It must move one way or the other; the right way or the wrong way. Direct it rightly, and its energy rolls the engine-wheels smoothly on their track: block up its passage, and it bounds away, a thing of madness and ruin. Stop it you cannot: it will rather burst. So it is with our hearts. There is a pent-up energy of love, gigantic for good or evil. Its right way is in the direction of our Eternal Father; and then, let it boil and pant as it will, the course of the man is smooth. Expel the love of God from the bosom, — what then? Will the passion that is within cease to burn? Nay. Tie the man down; let there be no outlet for his affections; let him attach himself to nothing, and become a loveless spirit in this universe, — and then there is what we call a broken heart: the steam bursts the machinery that contains it. Or else let him take his course, unfettered and free; and then

we have the riot of worldliness, — a man with strong affections thrown off the line, tearing himself to pieces, and carrying desolation along with him. Let us comprehend our own nature, ourselves, and our destinies. God is our rest, the only one that can quench the fever of our desire. God in Christ is what we want. When men quit that, so that “the love of the Father is not in them,” then they must perforce turn aside : the nobler heart to break with disappointment; the meaner heart to love the world instead, and sate and satisfy itself, as best it may, on things that perish in the using. Herein lies the secret of our being, in this world of the affections. This explains why our noblest feelings lie so close to our basest; why the noblest so easily metamorphose themselves into the basest. The heart which was made large enough for God, wastes itself upon the world.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

HERE is my heart : my God, I give it Thee.
I heard Thee call and say,
“Not to the world, my child, but unto me :”
I heard, and will obey.
Here is love’s offering to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring, —
Here is my heart.

Here is my heart : in Christ its longings end,
Near to the cross it draws ;
It says, “Thou art my portion, O my Friend !
Thy blood my ransom was.”
And in the Saviour it has found
What blessedness and peace abound,
My trusting heart !

Here is my heart : ah ! Holy Spirit, come,
Its nature to renew ;
And consecrate it wholly as thy home,
A temple fair and true.
Teach it to love and serve Thee more,
To fear Thee, trust Thee, and adore,
My cleansèd heart !

Here is my heart : O Friend of friends ! be near
To make the tempter fly ;

And, when my latest foe I wait with fear,
Give me the victory.
Gladly on Thy love reposing,
Let me say, when life is closing,
“Here is my heart.”

LIEDICH.



WOULD you know what is the method of nourishing the springs of the hidden life, — of securing a reserve of oil? One word, understood in a broad and spiritual sense, represents the entire method, — Prayer. By Prayer we mean not the mere quarter of an hour, or half an hour, which a man spends on his knees daily; but rather the spirit and temper of mind in which the Christian aims at going through his day. There may be stated prayer, recurring every morning and evening, without the hidden life; and, conversely, there may be the hidden life, under circumstances which render stated prayer an impossibility. The prayer we speak of is that which mixes

itself up with all our actions and recreations ; as a lump of some solid substance, whose nature is to melt in liquid, gives a taste to every drop of the liquid in which it is allowed to stand awhile. But it too often happens, that the prayer of stated periods, though attentively and devoutly said, stands isolated and alone, and never manages to transfuse its sweetness into our ways, character, and conduct. Such prayer is not for a moment to be identified with the hidden life. And, on the other hand, although we have said that the external life of service and profession consumes the grace which is ministered inwardly, this is only true so far as the external life *is* external. The life of active service *may* be so conducted as to secure fresh supplies of grace. If, in every part of his active work for God, the Christian sets God before him ; if he is very jealous of the purity of his motives and the rectitude of his intentions, and very self-searching on these points ; if he pauses awhile, amidst his occupations, to realize the presence of God ; if

he offers up all the works of his calling to God in the union of our Lord's death and passion ; if he is diligent in ejaculatory prayer ; if, even in the little crosses and annoyances of the day, he regards the will of God who sends them, and takes them accordingly with sweetness and buoyancy of spirit ; if he cultivates the habit of allowing the objects of nature and passing events to remind him of spiritual truth, and lead his mind upward ; if, in short, he turns each incident of life into a spiritual exercise, and extracts from each a spiritual good, — then he is cultivating the internal life, while he engages in the external : and while, on the one hand, he is expending the oil of grace, he is, on the other, laying in a fresh stock of it in his oil-vessels.

Resolve to know much of the inward life of Religion. Cultivate in every possible way a spirit of private devotion. Determine to know the power of Prayer, as distinct from its form. Practise more and more, in all companies and under all circumstances, the thought of the

Presence of God. Seek more and more to throw a spiritual meaning and significance into your pursuits ; to do it more simply and exclusively from the motive of pleasing God, and less from all other motives. Try, by a holy intention, to give even to the more trifling actions of the day a religious value. This will be feeding the light with oil.

To be true to God and His Presence all day long, and to let self occupy as little as possible of our thoughts ; to care much for His approval, and comparatively little for the impression we are making on others ; to feed the inward light with oil, and then freely to allow it to shine, — this is the great secret of edification.

GOULBURN.

OH would that I were purer, Lord, —
More filled with grace divine !
Oh would that I were surer, Lord,
That my whole heart is Thine !
Were it so pure that I might see
Thy beauty, I would grow like Thee.

Oh would that I could higher, Lord,
Above these senses live !
Each feeling, each desire, my Lord,
Could wholly to Thee give !
The love I thus would daily share,
That Love alone, would make me fair.

ELIMJ

—♦—

CHRIST'S life was not a flying from the world, lest *it* should stain and defile *Him*; but a mingling *with* the world, that He might cleanse and purify *it*. In crowded streets, at marriage festivals, in the concourse of cities, amid all the busiest haunts of men, wherever there was a want to relieve, or a woe to assuage, or a sin to rebuke, He was there, shedding round Him the healing influences of His presence and His power. And yet such a life as this, lived *for* men and *among* men, noble and blessed as it was, needed that it should have its breaks, — that the burden of it should not be continuous. Even He whose spiritual strength is so immeasurably greater

than ours, whose whole life was in some sort one long, connected prayer, — even He needed, from time to time, to be more especially alone with God, to draw new strength and joy from a more fixed contemplation of His heavenly Father's face.

And if this was needful for Him, how much more for all others! For as He was in the world, so are we, — the only difference being, that we lie open to the injurious influences which it exerts, as He neither did nor could; that the evil in the world finds an echo and an answer in our hearts, which it found not at all in His. In a world where there is so much to ruffle the spirit's plumes, how needful that entering into the secret of His pavilion, which will alone bring it back to composure and peace! In a world where there is so much to sadden and depress, how blessed that communion with Him in whom is the one source and fountain of all true gladness and abiding joy! In a world where so much is ever seeking to unhallow our spirits, to render them common

and profane, how high the privilege of consecrating them anew in prayer to holiness and to God !

Has God made a breach upon us? Has the cup of pain, which comes to all, come also to us and to our lips? Have we, too, discovered, that with the heritage of Adam's sin we have the heritage of Adam's sorrow, however for a moment it might have seemed as though we were to be exempt? Where, but in Him who smites, where, but in the smiter, shall we find the Healer?—where, but in His hand who made the wound, the balm and the medicine that can make us bear its present smart, and expect its future cure?

Or are there times when all things here seem hollow and unreal, with vanity and emptiness written upon them,—times when there seems to us, as there seemed once to the royal preacher at Jerusalem, no profit to a man of any labor wrought under the sun, but vanity of vanities, and all vanity? What help is there against this, the worst sickness of the soul,

save in laying hold of Him who is not hollow, not unreal, not a shadow nor a dream, who abides for ever, and who causes His servants to inherit substance; what help but in laying hold of Him, as He can be only laid hold of in prayer?

Or, again, are there other times when the world threatens to become too much to us, the near hillocks of time to hide from us the more distant mountains of eternity, earth's tinsel to outshine heaven's gold? It is in God, in the light of His presence, as we press into that presence, that all things assume their due proportions, are seen in their true significance, — the tinsel for tinsel, the gold for gold; that the hillocks subside, and the mountain-tops reappear; that the shadows flee away, and the eternal substances remain.

Or is there some unwelcome task to be done, to which duty plainly points, but which we would fain avoid, — some cross which our God would have us to take up, but from which we shrink with a shuddering fear? It is only in

Him from whom all strength proceeds, who bore His own cross so meekly up the hill of scorn, that we shall find a strength which is equal to this need.

Or do we need (and who is there that does not need?) that peace which is above all peace, that purged conscience which only the precious blood of the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world can impart? It is in prayer to the Father of mercies, as He may be approached through His dear Son, that this boon and blessing,—the best even in the rich treasury of heaven,—this conscience purged from sin, from its guilt, its stain, and its power, can be obtained.

Consider the great High Priest of our profession, who Himself showed the way of obedience to His own precept, "That men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Consider, too, for ourselves, the blessedness of being allowed to bathe our spirit's wings, as in living streams; of running, and not being weary; of being able to bring every thing that

is distorted within us, that it may be made straight; every thing that is weak, that it may be strengthened; all that is dark, that it may be illumined; all that is rebellious, that it may be subdued. Consider this, and Who it is that invites, beckons, entreats, commands us to this; and then consider how great at once our guilt and our folly must be, if, with such a throne of grace provided for us, we only approach it languidly and rarely; if, with such powers of the world to come brought within our reach, we do not earnestly lay hold of them; how just our doom will be, if, when God was ready to give, we did not care to ask; if, when He was waiting to be found, we were not willing to seek; if, when heaven's door would have opened to our knocking, we counted ourselves so far unworthy of eternal life, or rather counted eternal life so little to us, that we did not care so much as earnestly to knock at that door.

R. C. TRENCH

GOD, Thou art my rock of strength,
And my home is in Thine arms ;
Thou wilt send me help at length,
And I feel no wild alarms.
Sin nor death can pierce the shield
Thy defence has o'er me thrown ;
Up to Thee myself I yield,
And my sorrows are Thine own.

Christians, cast on Him your load,
To your tower of refuge fly ;
Know He is the living God,
Ever to His creatures nigh.
Seek His ever open door,
In your hours of utmost need ;
All your hearts before Him pour,
He will send you help with speed.

A. H. FRANCKE.



WE get a firm grasp of truth by prayer.
Communion with Christ is the best
proof of Christ's existence and Christ's love.
It is so even in human life. Misgivings gather

darkly round our heart about our friend in his absence ; but we seek his frank smile, we feel his affectionate grasp : our suspicions go to sleep again. It is just so in religion. No man is in the habit of praying to God in Christ, and then doubts whether Christ is He "that should come." It is in the power of prayer to realize Christ, to bring Him near, to make you feel His life stirring like a pulse within you. Jacob could not doubt whether he had been with God when his sinew shrunk. John could not doubt whether Jesus was the Christ, when the things He had done were pictured out so visibly in answer to his prayer. Let but a man live with Christ, anxious to have his own life destroyed and Christ's life established in its place, losing himself in Christ, — that man will have all his misgivings silenced. These are the two remedies for doubt, — Activity and Prayer. He who works, and *feels* he works ; he who prays, and *knows* he prays, — has got the secret of transforming life-failure into life-victory.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

O H, this is blessing, this is rest! —
Into Thine arms, O Lord! I flee;
I hide me in Thy faithful breast,
And pour out all my soul to Thee.
There is a host dissuading me;
But, all their voices far above,
I hear Thy words, "Oh, taste and see
The comfort of a Saviour's love!"
And, hushing every adverse sound,
Songs of defence my soul surround,
As if all saints encamped about
One trusting heart pursued by doubt.
And oh, how solemn, yet how sweet,
Their one assured, persuasive strain! —
"The Lord of Hosts is thy retreat,
The Man who bore thy sin, thy pain.
Still in His hand thy times remain;
Still of His body thou art part:
And He will prove His right to reign
O'er all things that concern thy heart."
O tenderness! O truth divine!
Lord, I am altogether thine.
I have bowed down; I need not flee:
Peace, peace is mine in trusting Thee.

A. L. WARING.

WE must *pray with love*. It is love, says St. Augustine, that asks, that seeks, that knocks, that finds, and that is faithful to what it finds. We cease to pray to God as soon as we cease to love Him, — as soon as we cease to thirst for His perfections. The coldness of our love is the silence of our hearts toward God. Without this, we may *pronounce* prayers; but we do not pray: for what shall lead us to meditate upon the laws of God, if it be not the love of Him who has made these laws? Let our hearts be full of love, then, and they will pray. Happy are they who think seriously of the truths of religion; but far more happy are they who feel and love them. We must ardently desire, that God will grant us spiritual blessings; and the ardor of our wishes must render us fit to receive the blessings. For, if we pray only from custom, from fear, in the time of tribulation; if we honor God only with our lips, while our hearts are far from Him; if we do not feel a strong de-

sire for the success of our prayers; if we feel a chilling indifference in approaching Him who is a consuming fire; if we have no zeal for His glory; if we do not feel hatred for sin and a thirst for perfection, — we cannot hope for a blessing upon such heartless prayers.

We must pray with perseverance. The perfect heart is never weary of seeking God. Ought we to complain if God sometimes leaves us to obscurity and doubt and temptation? How often do we hear those, who every day have to reproach themselves with unfaithfulness toward God, complain that He refuses to answer their prayers? Ought they not to acknowledge, that it is their *sins* which have formed a thick cloud between Heaven and them, and that God has justly hidden Himself from them? How often has He recalled us from our wanderings! How often, ungrateful as we are, have we been deaf to His voice, and insensible to His goodness! He would make us feel that we are blind and miserable, when we forsake Him. He would teach us, by pri-

vation, the value of the blessings that we have slighted. And shall we not bear our punishment with patience? Who can boast of having done all that he ought to have done; of having repaired all his past errors; of having purified his heart, so that he may claim as a right, that God should listen to his prayer? Most truly, all our pride, great as it is, would not be sufficient to inspire such presumption. If, then, the Almighty do not grant our petitions, let us adore His justice, let us be silent, let us humble ourselves, and let us pray without ceasing. This humble perseverance will obtain from Him what we should never obtain by our own merit. It will make us pass happily from darkness to light; for know, says St. Augustine, that God is near to us, even when He appears far from us.

FENELON.

PRAY, though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading :
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears.
An answer — not that you sought for,
But diviner — will come one day :
Your eyes are too dim to see it ;
Yet strive and wait and pray.

A. A. PROCTER.



ANY life which is not more or less interior, is certainly not the life of the Spirit. Any life which is so busy as to leave no room for meditation and devout affection ; any life which spends all its energies in external work, without ever rallying or recollecting itself at its source, — is certainly not the life of the Spirit. Any Martha's life, cumbered about much serving, but neglectful of sitting at the feet of the Divine Master, is certainly not the life of the Spirit. But we must say more. Not even

are private religious exercises, independently of the mind in which they are performed, the life of the Spirit. Confession of sin, without a deep and humbling sense of it, is not Spiritual Life. And what must we say of a deep and humbling sense of it which does not literally take the outward form of confession? We must say, that with God it is confession, although the mouth may have uttered no sounds, and the mind framed no words. The asking of God certain graces, without a longing to be holier, is not Spiritual Life. And what of the longing to be holier, if it should not find occasion to burst forth in actual prayer? It *is* prayer in God's eyes; and no prayer is so which does not involve a movement of desire in the heart.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." To be beaten utterly out of conceit with one's own strength, goodness, and wisdom; to feel, that, apart from God's grace, we are nothing, can do nothing; to be assured that our best resolves are like water or

stubble ; to re-echo, with the full and intelligent consent of our hearts, the Apostle's confession, "I know that in me — that is, in my flesh — dwelleth *no good* thing ;" to write upon our old nature "Incorrigible ;" and to depend with great simplicity upon Christ for all things, — this is the grace which lies at the foundation of every other, and which is matured and confirmed and deepened in us at every step in advance.

GOULBURN.



O H, learn that it is only by the lowly
The paths of peace are trod !
If thou wouldst keep thy garments white and holy,
Walk humbly with thy God.

The lowly spirit God hath consecrated
As His abiding rest :
An angel by some patriarch's tent hath waited,
When kings had no such guest.

WE must humble ourselves before God ; that is, our grief for sin must be in view of the fact, that we have grieved our Maker : and this our grief must be expressed in a confession before Him. A certain kind of grief for sins and vices is indeed experienced by all ; but it is difficult to believe in how many cases this is simply and solely a humiliation for the sake of men, — for the sake of the injury and the shame which we have prepared for ourselves in the sight of others. Yea, so incessantly do we glance our eyes toward men, that we may say it would be a very great advance in piety, if one should attain such a state as to grieve over each of his iniquities, simply because it had offended his God and Lord. Even from early childhood, we are instructed, in these modern times, to fix our eyes, in committing iniquity, only upon the opinions of our fellow-mortals. It is no longer said, as formerly, to the child, " Do not that thing : the beloved Lord sees it : " it is now said, " Be

well behaved: what will the people say?" And so, therefore, we grow up, our glance directed always to men alone; and, if we are ever ashamed of our vices, it is on account of the eye of man, and not on account of that Eye which seeth the hidden recess of the heart.

Oh that you might again understand the high and holy meaning of the word *religion*! What meaning has it, other than regard for God? It is such a disposition of the inner man, as leads him to look through all things, — through nature, through art, through his goods, through his palaces, through his tears of joy and through his tears of sorrow, — through all to God. But if there must be religion, a regard to God, even in our sorrow for sin, how should it be exercised? Our sorrow must arise from this, — that our iniquities have grieved our Maker. What says David, when he had committed a grievous crime against his fellow-men? "Lord, against Thee only have I sinned," he cries. Not that he wished to hide

from himself the truth, that he had committed a sad offence against his brother ; but the fact that he had, in sinning against his brother, sinned also against the commandment of his Creator, — this is the sting which most deeply pierces his conscience ; this it is which makes his pain so heart-rending.

THOLUCK.



O LORD ! turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life,
With tears and bitter cry.
Thy mercy gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin :
Oh, shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in !

We need not to confess our fault :
For surely Thou canst tell
What we have done ; and what we are
Thou knowest very well.

Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

And need we then, O Lord ! repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?
Mercy, O Lord ! mercy we ask, —
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer :
Oh, let Thy mercy come !

Variation by BISHOP HEBER,

From JOHN MARDLY, 1562.

OUR sanctification is in Christ, not independent of Him, and therefore not to be had independently. Touch His sacred Person in simple faith, that in Him doth all fulness dwell, — fulness of light and love, of holy tempers, holy impulses, and of all the fruits of the Spirit, and the virtue which is in Him

shall instantly begin to flow through the channel which faith has opened into your soul. This is His own teaching, not ours : " Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine ; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me. I am the vine ; ye are the branches : he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit : for without Me ye can do nothing." " Ye can do nothing," — not advance a step in love, joy, or peace, or in any grace which qualifies for Heaven.

The sap circulates through the living branch of the vine, but not independently or apart from the root and stock of the tree. Separated from the tree, the branch has no life whatever, and is unable to put forth a single bud or blossom. The sap *in* the branch is not *from* or *of* the branch : it is only derivative, — drawn from the living energies of the root and stem. And so the Christian's holiness : it is never held independently, but derived from the fountain-head of holiness ; and that fountain-head is Christ.

And what we have to do is, to keep open continually the communication between Christ and the soul, by repeated exercises of the same simple faith (or trust) in Him, which at first was the instrument of our justification. We stretched forth the hand of faith, and received out of Christ the forgiveness which He purchased for us : we must stretch it forth again and again and again, to receive that meetness for glory which He gradually imparts. Without holding this fundamental truth before our eyes ; without the most entire trust in Christ, to work in us every grace of the Christian character, and the utter renunciation of trust in ourselves, — all our efforts in the pursuit of holiness will be only an unblest toiling, — so much work and worry and fruitless striving, without any appreciable result.

GOULBURN

THE light and strength of faith, oh, grant,
That I may bring forth holy fruit, —
A living branch, a blooming plant,
Fast clinging to my vine, my root !
Thou art my Saviour, whom I trust,
My Rock, — I build not on the dust, —
The ground of faith, eternal, sure.
When hours of doubt o'ercloud my mind,
Thy ready help then let me find ;
Thy strength my sickening spirit cure.

Nor let my hope e'er fade away,
Thy cross the anchor of my heart ;
But let her rise o'er fear, dismay,
Conqueror through Thee ; mine all Thou art.
The world may build on what decays ;
O Christ, my Sun of Hope ! my gaze
Cares not o'er lesser lights to range.
To Thee, in Love, I ever cleave ;
For well I know Thou ne'er wilt leave
My soul : Thy love can never change.

SINOLD.

—♦—

YOUR Father sendeth you your title of
sonship : why take you it not up ? He
adopteth you into His family from the place of

a servant : why go you not in ? He openeth to you His bosom : why go you not forward to embrace Him ? He stretcheth you out the golden sceptre, as to His queen : why goest thou not forth to touch it, and seat thyself by His side, in glorious majesty ? What meaneth this burden-bearing bondage, these stripes of fear, this sadness, this despair ? Be done with this grief on thine own account : thy account is settled, and thy burden is cast upon the Lord. Come in, the Lord hath need of thy griefs ; but thou must first be assured, that thou art His son ; and as a son thou must lie in thy Father's bosom, and hear the whisperings of His love, the sighings of His sorrow, the heavings of His troubled heart : then go forth, impregnated with the like generous disposition of loving and saving sinners ; and begin to endure all things, in order to bring thy God's love near to the ears of savage men. Thou must believe that Jesus hath made thy griefs His, and borne them all ; and now, in thy turn, thou must make His griefs thine, and bear them forth, and

sing them to the desert winds, if the hearts of men be too hard to hearken unto thee. To suffer is our calling,—to have the full fellowship of Christ's sufferings, and to be conformed unto His death; but no one can touch with his little finger this mighty load, unless he do first believe himself to be a son, and get quit of his own guilty fears. Every particle of suffering which ariseth from the sting of past guilt, or from the rankling pain of abiding roots of sin, or from the shame of exposure, or from the actual exposure of our crimes, is not suffering for righteousness' sake, is no fellowship of Christ's sufferings, but the punishment of unbelief and actual wickedness. Therefore believe thou, O sinner! that thy guilt is atoned for, and break off thy sins by repentance, and lead a holy life by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost; and then shalt thou begin to suffer with Christ, and to bear the burden of the sorrows of God.

E. IRVING.

I HAVE no help but Thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon.
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed :
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
My wisdom and my teacher both in one :
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise ;
No teaching do I crave save Thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood :
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace, —
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God !

H. BONAR.

OBERVE the consciousness of strength,
and the exalted confidence of feeling,
that must gird any soul that has truly put on
Christ. It will be with him, in his faith, as it
was with the prodigal, when the father said,
" Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him ;
and put a ring on his finger, and shoes on his

feet." From that moment he felt strong in the family. The shame fell off as the robe went on; and the confidence of a son came back upon him. So it is that every Christian is strong who has really put on Christ. He is clothed with strength and honor, as with salvation. He lives in the garment of praise. All misgivings flee; all mutinous passions fall under. Do you sometimes try to be strong by your will, strong by your works, strong by what you can raise of excitement or high resolve? — that is only weakness; and a great part of all weakness comes in that way. Nothing is more natural for a Christian losing ground, than to put forth all the force he has, in a strain of hard endeavor, lashing up and thrusting on himself; but in that, he is believing, probably, just as much less as he is goading himself more. Let him go back to faith, — see that he lets go mere self-endeavor, to put on Christ; and he will have all strength and victory.

Here, too, be it understood, is the source of that strange power of impression which is felt

in the life and society of all earnest Christians. Everybody feels that there is something about them not human. And the reason is, that they have put on Christ. The serious, loving, gentle, sacrificing, and firm spirit of Jesus is revealed within or upon them; and they signify to men's feeling just what He signified. They fulfil that gracious name, that was formerly in so great favor in the Church, — they are all Christophers, Christ-bearers. They will even put so much meaning into their "good-morning," or their bow of courtesy, as to carry a Christly impression in the heart of a stranger. This is the true power. Would that the multitude in our day, who can think to be powerful only as they strive and cry, and go dinning through the world in a perpetual ado of hard endeavor, could just learn how much it means to put on Christ!

H. BUSHNELL.

IF Thou, True Life, wilt in me live,
Consume whate'er is not of Thee :
One look of Thine more joy can give
Than all the world can offer me.
O Jesus ! be Thou mine for ever ;
Nought from Thy love my heart can sever :
That Thou hast promised in Thy Word.
Oh, deep the joy whereof I drink,
Whene'er my soul in Thee can sink,
And own her Bridegroom and her Lord !

SINOLD.

FAITH is indeed itself the gift of God ; but if there is any true longing in you after Christ, any true repentance for having left Him and His righteousness unclaimed so long, He will *give* you that faith whereby you may appropriate all the benefits of His life and death, His resurrection and His glory. Put Him on, then, for you may do so ; clothe yourself with Him, and He shall be to you armor of light, a light and a defence, a sun and a

shield. And then many darts of the wicked may fly around you and about you, but they shall not hurt you ; they shall fall off or glance aside from those radiant arms : and when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, you shall appear with Him in glory. It must be so. If He has made you here to love holiness, goodness, mercy, truth, His kingdom, the kingdom which He shall set up, shall be a kingdom of all these. How, then, should you not have your place in it? and the more earnestly you have loved and followed these, the higher place and the nearer to Him.

Put on, then, this armor, this whole armor, of God : put it on piece by piece, — the helmet of hope, the breastplate of faith and love, taking in your hand the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God : be complete in Him. The kingdom of darkness can only harm those who by natural affinity belong to it, — the unloving, the untruthful, the unmerciful, the unholy.

These are its victims : against these the

powers of darkness prevail, and on these the chains of darkness are laid. But walk in love; walk in holiness; walk in sincerity and truth; walk, which is the same thing, in the light of the Lord, — and none of these things shall by any means hurt you. The same which is your glory shall be also your defence; that which is your sun shall be also your shield. And when He comes at length, who is the light, as He is the life, of men; when there is no longer a foe to be resisted, a darkness to be scattered, a weapon to be turned aside; when, therefore, armor is needed no more, — that *armor* of light will become a *vesture* of light; the garment of peace, instead of the panoply of war; a shining garment of immortality; a wedding garment, admitting you, without rebuke, to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

R. C. TRENCH

HAST thou the love of Christ,
Thy Saviour, known, —
The love that passeth knowledge ; the rich grace
That stooped to poverty and death, to place
Thee on His throne ?

Live, then, the life of faith, —
The life divine.
Live *in* and *on* this ever-living One,
Who bears thee on His heart before the throne :
His life is thine.

Pass on from strength to strength ;
Faint not, nor yield.
With girded loins press on, — the goal is near ;
With ready sword fight God's great battle here :
Win thou the field.

No rest nor slumber now ;
Watch, and be strong.
Love is the smoother of the rugged way ;
And Hope at midnight, as in brightest day,
Breaks forth in song.

H. BONAR.

JUST so far as a Christian is led by the Spirit, he is a Conqueror. A Christian in full possession of his privileges is a man whose very step ought to have in it all the elasticity of triumph, and whose very look ought to have in it all the brightness of victory. And just so far as a Christian suffers sin to struggle in him and overcome his resolutions, just so far he is under the law. That is the key to the whole doctrine of the New Testament. From first to last, the great truth put forward is, The law can neither save you nor sanctify you. The gospel can do both; for it is rightly and emphatically called "the perfect law of liberty."

All doubt comes from living out of habits of affectionate obedience to God. By idleness, by neglected prayer, we lose our power of realizing things not seen. Let a man be religious and irreligious at intervals; irregular, inconsistent, without some distinct thing to live for, — it is a matter of impossibility that he can

be free from doubts. He must make up his mind for a dark life. Doubts can only be dispelled by that kind of active life that realizes Christ. And there is no faith that gives a victory so steadily triumphant as that. When such a man comes near the opening of the vault, it is no world of sorrows he is entering upon. He is only going to see things that he has felt; for he has been living in heaven. He has his grasp on things that other men are only groping after, and touching now and then. Live above this world; and then the powers of the world to come are so upon you, that there is no room for doubt.

It is not only in those passionate effusions in which the ancient martyrs spoke sometimes of panting for the crushing of their limbs by the lions in the amphitheatre, or of holding out their arms to embrace the flames that were to curl round them,—it is not then only that Christ has stood by His servants, and made them more than conquerors: there may be something of earthly excitement in all that. Every

day His servants are dying modestly and peacefully: not a word of victory on their lips, but Christ's deep triumph in their hearts; watching the slow progress of their own decay, and yet so far emancipated from personal anxiety, that they are still able to think and to plan for others, not knowing that they are doing any great thing. They die, and the world hears nothing of them; and yet theirs was the completest victory. They came to the battle-field, — the field to which they had been looking forward all their lives; and the enemy was not to be found. There was no foe to fight with.

If we would be conquerors, we must realize God's love in Christ. Take care not to be under the law. Constraint never yet made a conqueror: the utmost it can do is to make either a rebel or a slave. Believe that God loves you. He gave a triumphant demonstration of it in the Cross. Never shall we conquer self, till we have learned *to love*. Let us remember our high privilege. Christian life, so

far as it deserves the name, is victory. We are not going forth to mere battle : we are going forth to conquer. To gain mastery over self and sin and doubt and fear, till the last coldness, coming across the brow, tells us that all is over, and our warfare accomplished, — that we are safe, the everlasting arms beneath us, — *that* is our calling. Beloved, do not be content with a slothful, dreamy, uncertain struggle. We are to conquer ; and the banner under which we are to win is not Fear, but Love. "The strength of sin is the law : " the victory is by keeping before us God in Christ.

F. W. ROBERTSON.



LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home :
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come.
With Him I found a home, a rest divine ;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine : and nought of earthly things —
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings —
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour.
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine ;
Go : I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied ;
The ill is only what He deems the best :
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possest.
Changes may come : I take, or I resign ;
Content while I am His, and He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen, —
A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines :
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on his people's darkness shines.
All may depart : I fret not nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down ;
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe ;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before His feet I throw, —
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

H. F. LYTE

HOW many persons seek contentment, seek peace, seek joy! But they do not find them. They are continually complaining of their troubles and afflictions. They strive to escape from them, but they do not succeed. And why not? It is because they get out of the great Centre; and, being out of it, their hearts and their conduct are not in harmony with the Divine providences: and therefore they must be unhappy.

Madame Adorna gave herself to the Lord in faith, and the Lord accepted her. "She loved God, and God loved her." This was the state of her mind at morning, noon, and night. She was not one of those Christians who are sometimes on the mount and sometimes in the valley. She was on the mount and in the valley of God's providence, it is true, standing in the storm or sunshine, just as her Heavenly Father chose; but, in the centre of her believing spirit, mountains and valleys were made equal in God. Of course, her inward life was

very simple, and any person who will live by naked faith will always find it so.

As a result of strong faith, her inner life was characterized in a remarkable degree by what may be termed rest or quietude ; which is only another form of expression for true interior peace. It was not, however, the quietude of a lazy inaction, but the quietude of an inward acquiescence ; not a quietude which feels nothing and does nothing, but that higher and divine quietude which exists by feeling and acting in the time and degree of God's appointment and God's will. It was a principle in her conduct, as already intimated, to give herself to God in the discharge of duty, and to leave all results without solicitude in His hands. And the consequence, as would naturally be expected, was the same in her case as the Apostle Paul represents it to have been in his, — that she could be troubled without being distressed ; perplexed without being in despair ; persecuted and cast down without either being destroyed or forsaken. In the language of Fenelon,

whose religious experience seems to have been in a high degree similar, she "adored all the purposes of God, without knowing them." Seeing God in all things, and all things in God, she loved the afflictions which had God in them, and fled from all earthly good where God was not, — a state of feeling and action which would not fail to bring inward peace.

T. C. UPHAM.



THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest ;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings ;
A well of peace within it springs :
Come good or ill, —
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow, brings, —
It is His will.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

JOY is for all men. It does not depend on circumstance or condition: if it did, it could only be for the few. It is not the fruit of good luck or of fortune, or even of outward success, which all men cannot have. It is of the soul or the soul's character; it is the wealth of the soul's own being, when it is filled with the spirit of Jesus, which is the spirit of eternal love. If you want, therefore, to know who of mankind can have the gift of joy, you have only to ask who of them have souls: for every soul is made to be a well-spring of eternal blessedness; and will be, if only it permits the waters of the eternal love to rise within. It can have right thoughts and true, and be set in everlasting harmony with itself. It can love: and so, without going about to find what shall bless it, it has all the material of blessing in itself; resources in its own immortal nature, as a creature dwelling in the light of God, which cannot fail or be exhausted. All men are for joy, and joy for all.

It is equally evident, that the reason why they do not have it, is that they do not seek it where it is, — in the receiving of Christ and the spirit of His life. They go after it in things without, not in character within; they have all faith in fortune, none in character. So they build palaces and accumulate splendors about them, and keep a desert within. And then, since the desert within cannot be made to rejoice in the gewgaws and vanities without, they sigh; they are very melancholy; the world is a hard world; vanity of vanities, all is vanity. Let them cease this whimpering about the vanities, and come to Christ; let them receive His joy, and there is an end to the hunger. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; and ye shall find rest to your souls. There is nothing hard in what I require. When I call you to renounce all and take up your cross and follow me, I only seek to withdraw you from the chase after happiness, that I may fill you with joy. My yoke is easy, therefore, and my burden is light. Ah, how many have found

it to be exactly so ! What surprise have they felt in the dawning of this Christian joy ! They seemed about to lose every thing, and found themselves, instead, possessing all things.

H. BUSHNELL.

GRANT us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

Do more than pardon, — give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty ;
And simple hearts, without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

FABER.

BUT those others, — that is to say, those noble men who do truly arise and receive divine light, — these allow God to prepare their souls for Himself, and renounce themselves in all things, without any reserve, either as regards their words or their daily habits, or what they do or refrain from, or any thing else, whether things go smoothly or crossly with them. Both in framing their purposes and in meeting what arises, they refer all to God in humble fear, and give themselves wholly up to Him, — in utter poorness of spirit, in willing self-surrender, acquiescing in the divine will. They are content to say, in all matters, "As God will ;" in quiet or disquiet : for their sole delight is the holy and excellent will of God. To these we may apply what Christ said unto His disciples when they bade Him to go up unto the feast : "Go ye up : your time is alway ready ; but my time is not yet come." These men's time is alway ready for them to endure and submit ; all time is fitting for them : but God's time is

not alway ready when he deigns or sees fit to work or to send forth His light. This they submissively leave to His divine will, and are willing to wait as long as He pleases.

Now, the distinguishing mark of this better sort of men is, that they suffer God to order their soul's affairs, and do not hinder Him. Yet they are not raised above the shocks of temptation, nor even the liability to fall for a moment (for no one is entirely delivered from this danger); but afterwards, as soon as the first onset of passion is over, and their fault is held up before them, whether it be pride, or self-indulgence, or anger, or hatred, or whatever is their special temptation, they come to God in self-abasement, and submit themselves to Him, and bear without murmuring what He sees fit to appoint unto them. And such do in truth arise: for they rise above themselves in all things, and they do become in truth a Jerusalem or stronghold of peace; for they have quiet in disquietude, and prosperity in adversity, and rejoice in the will of God amidst

all circumstances. Therefore no power in this world can take away their peace ; nor could all the devils in hell, nor all the men on earth, banded together. All their affections centre in God, and they are enlightened by Him of a truth : for He shines into their souls with a strong and clear light that reveals all things unto them ; and He shineth as truly, nay, far more brightly, in the blackest darkness than in the seeming light. Ah ! these are sweet and lovely children of God, raised above nature by their likeness to Him ; and such neither undertake nor bring to pass any of their works without God. Nay, if we may dare to use such language, they are, so to speak, nothing ; but God is in them : as St. Paul says, "I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Ah ! these are highly favored men : they bear the world upon their shoulders, and are the noble pillars of society. To make one of their number, what a blessed and glorious thing were that !

TAULER.

ON Thee, O my God ! I rest,
Letting life float calmly on ;
For I know the last is best,
When the crown of joy is won.
In Thy might all things I bear,
In Thy love find bitters sweet ;
And, with all my grief and care,
Sit in patience at Thy feet.

Let Thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me ; keep me close to Thee :
In the peace Thy love doth shed,
Let me dwell eternally.
Be my All ; in all I do,
Let me only seek Thy will :
Where the heart to Thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm, and still.

A. H. FRANCKE.

IF quiet and peace could be had only by withdrawing from the duties and occupations of active life, then quiet and peace for most of us could never be. Not many of us could

escape from manifold work and care in this life. Where most of us are placed in this world, we are likely to remain to the end : it is not in our power to fly to some far and still retreat, in whose quiet we might escape the evils and troubles here ; and the corner will never be found in this world, where care and evil shall be unknown by human beings. But the peace which the Saviour gives His own, is peace of heart and mind amid daily duties. It is that "central peace" which may "subsist at the heart of endless agitation." When you look at the believer's busy life, you may see no trace of his inward peace of soul. But you know, that the ocean, under the hurricane, is lashed into those huge waves and that wild foam only upon the surface. Not very far down, the waters are still as an autumn noon : there is not a ripple or breath or motion. And so, if we had the faith we ought, though there might be ruffles upon the surface of our lot, we should have the inward peace of perfect faith in God. Amid the dreary noises of this world, amid its

cares and tears, amid its hot contentions, ambitions, and disappointments, we should have an inner calm like the serene ocean depths, to which the influence of the wild winds and waves above can never come.

Oh that we could lay it to heart, that the day will never come in which there will not be something to vex and weary! The day will never come in which every thing will go as we would wish; the day will never come in this world that will make the soul happy and complete, — and all this just because God does not intend that such a day should ever come; all this because the world was never meant for our rest, and, whenever it is beginning to grow too like our rest, God will send us something to remind us that it is not; all this because these immortal souls within us are not to be put off with any worldly aim or worldly enjoyment, but will ever reach, and blindly long after, something as immortal as themselves. It was not a piece of mystical piety, but a plain, certain, philosophic truth, that sentence of the

ancient African bishop, written more than a thousand years since: "Thou madest us for Thyself,"—thus he addressed his Maker,—
"and our souls are restless till they find rest in Thee."

The only real rest that the soul of man can ever know, is that which is given by Him who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And not even *that* rest, given by the Redeemer to His own, is perfect in this present life: the best believer's heart will be many a time disquieted and perplexed, so long as he abides here. "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." It *remaineth*: it is waiting for them, far away. This is not our rest: our rest is beyond the grave. We are but "strangers and pilgrims upon earth;" and heaven is our home. And it is only our Saviour's presence that can make us happy. God has made us so, that we never shall be right till we are "for ever with the Lord." It is not the quiet country that will give all the rest he needs, to the jaded man of

business in the great city. It is not the longed-for breathing space, the longed-for leisure, that is all which is needed by the over-driven brain. It is not the home fireside and the cheerful domestic circle that is all the lonely wanderer needs to give him rest. It is not money that will really satisfy the soul of the man who works hardest for it. It is not high station and eminent fame that will truly enable even the most ambitious man to sit down and feel himself perfectly content at last. There will always be something wanting, — always some vague idea, like the Psalmist's, that, if he had but wings, he would fly far, far away. There are rest and peace to be found in God, — in God as we see Him in the merciful face of Christ; and no other where.

BOYD.

WITH a heart full of anxious request,
Which my Father in heaven bestowed,
I wandered alone and distressed,
In search of a quiet abode.
Astray and distracted, I cried,
Lord, where wouldst Thou have me to be?
And the voice of the Lamb that had died
Said, Come, my beloved, to *Me*.

I went, — for He mightily wins
Weary souls to His peaceful retreat, —
And He gave me forgiveness of sins,
And songs that I love to repeat.
And oft, as my enemies came
My views of His glory to dim,
He taught me to trust in His name,
And to triumph by leaning on Him.

Made pure by the blood that He shed,
My heart in His presence was free :
I was hungry and thirsty, — He fed ;
I was sick, and He comforted me.
He gave me the blessing complete, —
The hope that is with me to-day ;
And a quiet abode at His feet,
That shall not be taken away.

A. L. WARING.





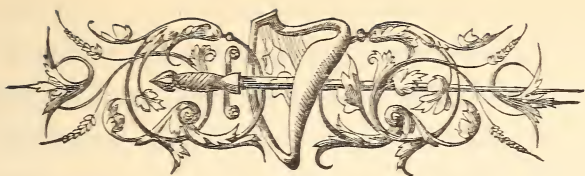
TRIALS BY THE WAY.



"IN THE WORLD YE SHALL HAVE TRIBULATION: BUT BE OF GOOD CHEER,
I HAVE OVERCOME THE WORLD."—JOHN xvi. 33.







TRIALS BY THE WAY.

THE truth is, that we never feel Christ to be a reality, until we feel Him to be a necessity. Therefore God makes us feel that necessity. He tries us here, and He tries us there. He chastises on this side, and He chastises on that side. He probes us by the disclosure of one sin, and another, and a third, which have lain rankling in our deceived hearts. He removes, one after another, the objects in which we have been seeking the repose of idolatrous affection. He afflicts us in ways which we have not anticipated. He sends upon us the chastisements which He knows we shall feel

most sensitively. He pursues us when we would fain flee from His hand; and, if need be, He shakes to pieces the whole framework of our plans of life, by which we have been struggling to build together the service of God and the service of Self; till, at last, He makes us feel that Christ is all that is left to us.

When we discover that, and go to Christ, conscious of our beggary in respect of every thing else, — wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked, — we go, not expecting much, perhaps not asking much. There may be hours of prostration when we ask only for *rest*; we pray for the cessation of suffering; we seek repose from conflict with ourselves, and with God's providence. But God gives us more. He is more generous than we have dared to believe. He gives us joy; He gives us liberty; He gives us victory; He gives us a sense of self-conquest, and of union with Himself in an eternal friendship. On the basis of that single experience of Christ as a reality, because a necessity, there rises an experience

of blessedness in communion with God, which prayer expresses like a Revelation. Such devotion is a jubilant Psalm.

AUSTIN PHELPS.



HAPPY are they that learn in Thee,
Though patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech, —
Peace that no pressure from without,
No strife within, can reach.

My heart is fixed, O God, my strength !
My heart is strong to bear ;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care.
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,
How blest soe'er it be ;
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see.
And, oh ! it is not hard to bear
What must be borne in Thee.

It is not hard to bear by faith
In Thy own bosom laid,
The trial of a soul redeemed,
For Thy rejoicing made.
Well may the heart in patience rest,
That none can make afraid.

Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore ;
Borne onward, sin and death behind,
And love and life before, —
Oh let my soul abound in hope,
And praise Thee more and more !

Deep unto deep may call ; but I,
With peaceful heart, will say,
Thy loving kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away :
And let the storm, that speeds me home,
Deal with me as it may.

A. L. WARING

REGARD suffering, even in its slighter forms, as a vocation, having its special duties, and offering its special grace. Say secretly of it, "Here for the present lies thy allotted task, O my soul! Consider how much may be made of this period, how largely it may be improved to God's service and thy salvation. It is the post to which thou art appointed: seek to occupy it faithfully and bravely; and more good shall accrue to thee from it, than from what thou didst propose to thyself as the line of service of thine own choosing."

While no option is left us as to *bearing* the cross, we may either *take it up*, or strive to push it off. We may, on the one hand, harbor the thought, that we are hardly dealt with: or, on the other, we may, by enforcing upon ourselves such considerations as that God is a tender Father, and never chastens but for our profit; that suffering is a medicine, remedial, though bitter; that we have deserved infinitely

more than is ever laid upon us ; and that there is no real satisfaction for man except in conformity to the Divine Will, — bring round the mind to say sincerely (the highest point of perfection this, which human character can reach) : —

“ O Lord, my God ! do Thou Thy holy will ;

I will lie still :

I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,

And break the charm

Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,

In perfect rest.”

Are we striving to bring our minds to this point, when and as God calls us to suffer? Are we daily practising resignation, as opportunity offers? By a patient and loving endurance of annoyances, are we preparing ourselves gradually for the discipline of trials? Christ comes to us morning by morning, to present to us, for the day then opening, divers little crosses, thwartings of our own will, interferences with our plans, disappointments of our little pleasures. Do we kiss them, and take them up? or do we toss them from us scornfully, because

they are so little, and wait for some great affliction to approve our patience and our resignation to His Will? Ah, how might we accommodate, to the small matters of religion generally, those words of the Lord respecting the children, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones"! Despise not little sins: they have ruined many a soul. Despise not little duties: they have been to many a saved man an excellent discipline of humility. Despise not little temptations: rightly met, they have often nerved the character for some fiery trial. And despise not little crosses; for, when taken up, and lovingly accepted at the Lord's hand, they have made men meet for a great crown, — even the crown of righteousness and life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.

GOULBURN.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet,
In lane, highway, or open street, —

That he and we, and all men, move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain ;
That death itself shall not remain ;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led, —

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;

And we, on diverse shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And, ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more : They only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true, that Love —
Blessing, not cursing — rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego, —

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife, —
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

R. C. TRENCH.



A GREAT grief has smitten you down.
Will you listen to the Tempter, who is
trying to make you think hard thoughts of
God? Will you believe, that because the
Lord *hateth* you he chasteneth you? Will you
crouch and writhe from under the rod? Will
you glide down with your hand in the enemy's,
from slope to slope, from depth to depth, from
darkness to darkness, until you are fit to be-
come a *tempter* like him, and to say to others,
as he says to you, "God hath forgotten, — He

regardeth not ! What are your griefs to Him ? Could He not have healed them all with a word ? He sits on high, and rules the stars ; not you and your poor, little, petty lives."

Or will you *bow down* beneath the rod, and *look up* beneath it ; take the gracious Hand of the Comforter stretched out to you, and let Him lift you up when His time comes ; and bruised, and humbled, and broken as you are, lead you gently on and up to where He can show you *what danger he drove you from* in smiting you ? until he makes *you* a *comforter*, too ; and from your poor, trembling lips shall drop, on the hearts of other mourners, such words as He speaks to you : "Because the Lord loveth, He chasteneth you." He cares for every pang you suffer. But He cares infinitely more to save you from *sin*. For that He bowed beneath, not the scourge only, but the cross. For *that*, dearly as He loves you, He spares neither rod nor sword nor fire. And *that*, if you will yield yourselves up to His will and His way with all your hearts, He will do.

MRS. CHARLES.

PEACE ; be still :
In this night of sorrow bow ;
O my heart ! contend not thou ;
What befalls thee is God's will :
Peace ; be still.

Peace ; be still :
All thy murmuring words are vain,
God will make the riddle plain ;
Wait His word, and bear His will :
Peace ; be still.

Hold thee still :
Though the Father scourge thee sore,
Cling thou to Him all the more ;
Let Him mercy's work fulfil :
Hold thee still.

Hold thee still :
Though the good Physician's knife
Seem to touch thy very life,
Death alone he means to kill :
Hold thee still.

Lord, my God,
Give me grace that I may be

Thy true child, and silently
Own thy sceptre and thy rod,
Lord, my God !

Shepherd mine,
From thy fulness give me still
Faith to do and bear thy will,
Till the morning light shall shine,
Shepherd mine !

From the German.



THE reason why we have so many crosses, trials, wrongs, and pains, is here made evident. We have not one too many for the successful culture of our faith. The great thing, and that which it is most of all difficult to produce in us, is a participation of Christ's forgiving gentleness and patience. This, if we can learn it, is the most difficult and the most distinctively Christian of all attainments. Therefore we need a continual discipline of occasions, — poverty, sickness, bereavements, losses, treacheries, misrepresentations, oppres-

sions, persecutions: we can hardly have too many for our own good, if only we receive them as our Saviour did His cross. It is just by these refining fires of trial and suffering, that we are to be most advanced in that to which we aspire. The first thing that our Saviour set Himself to, when He began His ministry, was the inculcation of those traits that belong to the passive or patient side; for these, He well understood, were most remote from us, highest above us, and, most of all, cross to the impatient, stormy spirit of sin within us.

How many are there who, by reason of poverty, obscurity, infirmity of mind or body, can never hope to do much by action, and who often sigh at the contemplation of their want of power to effect any thing! But it is given to them, as to all, to suffer: let them only suffer well, and they will give a testimony for God, which all who know them will deeply feel and profoundly respect. It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience; and

for just that reason we need sometimes to see its greatness alone, that we may embrace the solitary, single idea of such greatness, and bring it into our hearts, unconfused with all other kinds of power. Whoever gives to the Church of God such a contribution, — the invalid, the cripple, the neglected and forlorn woman, — every such person yields a testimony for the cross, that is second in value to no other.

Let this be remembered, and let it be your joy in every trial and grief and pain and wrong you suffer, that to suffer well is to be a true advocate, and apostle, and pillar of the faith.

“They also serve, who only stand and wait.”

And here, let me add, is pre-eminently the office and power of woman. Her power is to be the power most especially of gentleness and patient endurance. An office so divine, let her joyfully accept and faithfully bear, — adding sweetness to life in all its exasperating and bitter experiences, causing poverty to smile,

cheering the hard lot of adversity, teaching pain the way of peace, abating hostilities and disarming injuries, by the patience of her love. All the manifold conditions of human suffering and sorrow are many occasions given to woman, to prove the sublimity of true submission, and reveal the celestial power of passive goodness.

H. BUSHNELL.



A GENTLE Angel walketh throughout a world
of woe,

With messages of mercy to mourning hearts below ;
His peaceful smile invites them to love and to con-
fide :

Oh, follow in His footsteps, keep closely by His
side !

So gently will He lead thee through all the cloudy
day,

And whisper of glad tidings to cheer the pilgrim
way ;

His courage never failing, when thine is almost
gone,

He takes thy heavy burden, and helps to bear it on.

To soft and tearful sadness He changes dumb despair,
And soothes to deep submission the storm of grief
and care ;
Where midnight shades are brooding, He pours the
light of noon,
And every grievous wound He heals, most surely,
if not soon.

He will not blame thy sorrows, while He brings the
healing balm ;
He does not chide thy longings, while he soothes
them into calm ;
And, when thy heart is murmuring, and wildly asking, Why ?
He, smiling, beckons forward, points upward to the
sky.

He will not always answer thy questions and thy
fear :
His watchword is, " Be patient : thy journey's end
is near."
And ever, through the toilsome way, He tells of
joys to come,
And points the pilgrim to his rest, the wanderer to
his home.

SPITTA.

OH how happy is that state, when we do not need to urge ourselves to obey the law of God ; when, as Paul says, the Spirit of God incites the children of God ; when it is no more commanded from without, Do this, do that, forsake this, forsake that ; when to do the will of the Deity is the food of our souls ! He who has been made by the Divine Spirit thus inwardly free from all law, how he stands up, untrammelled amid the restraints imposed by all the relations of the world, yea, even by its calamities ! He is free when in chains, free in the prison, free under the pressure of gnawing disease. It is the will of God which has selected for me the chain, the prison, the disease ; and as my will is not discordant with the Divine, so, under all these restrictions, I am free. Imagine what must be my consciousness of king-like elevation, when all the events, which occur to me as by necessity from without, are yet freely chosen and determined by myself. That was the sentiment of a king, with which the first Christians

went through the world, and with which Paul cried out, "All things are yours." Yea, truly, where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom; but where it is not, there discipline is imperiously needed.

THOLUCK.



THOSE whom Christ sanctifies are separated from two things, — from the world's evil, and from the world's spirit.

From the world's evil. "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil." Not from physical evil, not from pain: Christ does not exempt His own from such kinds of evil. Nay, we hesitate to call pain and sorrow evils, when we remember what bright characters they have made, and when we recollect that almost all who came to Christ came impelled by suffering of some kind or other. For example, the Syrophenician woman had been driven to "fall at His feet and worship Him," by the

anguish of the tormented daughter whom she had watched. It was a widow that cast into the treasury all her living, and that widow poor.

Possibly, Want and Woe will be seen hereafter, when this world of appearance shall have passed away, to have been, not evils, but God's blessed angels, and ministers of His most parental love.

But the evil from which Christ's sanctification separates the soul, is that worst of evils, — properly speaking the only evil, — sin: revolt from God, disloyalty to conscience, tyranny of the passions, strife of our self-will in conflict with the loving will of God. This is our foe, — our only foe that we have a right to hate with perfect hatred, meet it where we will, and under whatever form, in church or state, in false social maxims, or in our own hearts.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

'TIS sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.
True is it that Death's face seems stern and cold,
When he is sent to summon those we love ;
But all God's angels come to us disguised :
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other, lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the Seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.

J. R. LOWELL

AS the harp-strings only render
All their treasures of sweet sound,
All their music, glad or tender,
Firmly struck and tightly bound ;

So the hearts of Christians owe
Each its deepest, sweetest strain,
To the pressure firm of woe,
And the tension tight of pain.

Spices crushed, their pungence yield ;
Trodden scents their sweets respire ;
Would you have its strength revealed ? —
Cast the incense in the fire.

Thus the crushed and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield :
From the martyr's keenest flame
Heavenly incense is distilled.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

DO not trouble yourself by thinking how much you are afflicted, but consider how much you make of it ; for reflex acts upon the suffering itself can lead to nothing but to pride or to impatience, to temptation or apostasy. He that measures the grains and scruples of his persecution will soon sit down, and call for ease or for a reward ; will think the time long or his burden great ; will be apt to complain of his condition, or set a greater value upon his person. Look not back upon him that strikes thee, but upward to God that supports thee,

and forward to the crown that is set before thee; and then consider, if the loss of thy estate hath taught thee to despise the world, whether thy poor fortune hath made thee poor in spirit, and if thy uneasy prison sets thy soul at liberty, and knocks off the fetters of a worse captivity.

Noah was safe when the flood came : he was put into a strange condition, shut up in a prison of wood, living upon faith, having never had the experience of being safe in floods. And so have I often seen young and unskilful persons sitting in a little boat, when every little wave sporting about the sides of the vessel, and every motion and dancing of the barge, seemed a danger, and made them cling fast upon their fellows; and yet, all the while, they were as safe as if they sat under a tree, while a gentle wind shook the leaves into a refreshment and a cooling shade : and the unskilful, inexperienced Christian shrieks out, whenever his vessel shakes, thinking it always a danger, that the watery pavement is not stable and resident like

a rock ; and yet all his danger is in himself, none at all from without. For he is indeed moving upon the waters, but fastened to a rock : faith is his foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his harbor, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country ; and all the evils of poverty or affronts, of tribunals and evil judges, of fears and sadder apprehensions, are but like the loud wind blowing from the right point, — they make a noise, and drive faster to the harbor ; and — if we do not leave the ship, and leap into the sea ; quit the interests of religion, and run to the securities of the world ; cut our cables, and dissolve our hopes ; grow impatient, and hug a wave, and die in its embraces — we are as safe at sea, — safer in the storm which God sends us, than in a calm, when we are befriended with the world.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

WHAT pleases God, O pious soul !
Accept with joy : though thunders roll
And tempests lower on every side,
Thou knowest nought can thee betide
But pleases God.

The best will is our Father's will,
And we may rest there, calm and still :
Oh, make it hour by hour thine own,
And wish for nought but that alone
Which pleases God !

And must thou suffer here and there,
Cling but the firmer to His care ;
For all things are beneath His sway,
And must in very truth obey
What pleases God.

True faith will grasp His mercy fast,
And hope bring patience at the last :
Then both within thy heart enshrine ;
So shall the heritage be thine
That pleases God.

PAUL GERHARDT

AUNT JEANNIE seemed feebler to me than when I saw her last; but her dear old face lighted up as she talked to us.

And, as we were going away, she rose, and held our hands in each of hers, and said, in a tender, trembling voice, —

“The world is no easy place for bairns like you to find their way through; and there is no safe road through it that I know, from first to last, but just the footprints of the Lord himself. But you must not look to see even these, in any long track before you. You’ll mostly find nothing plain but the next step. But your hearts need not sink for that. A Saviour’s hand to guide you is better than a map. *It upholds while it guides.* I have found that the times when I was longing for the map were just those when I was losing hold of the hand; and then, more than once, the thorns piercing my feet drove me back to the footprints and the hand I should never have forsaken. But you need not be afraid even of

the thorns," she added, her whole face lighting up with confidence and joy: "the feet in whose prints we tread were pierced for us with worse than thorns. And the hand that guides and upholds is a hand well able to bind up any wounds. It has bound up what none else could, — the broken heart."

Then, as once or twice before, she seemed to forget the thought of our presence, in the presence of God. Her whole spirit seemed to rise in prayer.

MRS. CHARLES.



GOD'S ways are not as our ways, His thoughts
are not as ours ;

He wounds us sore with cruel thorns, where we
have stooped for flowers ;

But, oh ! 'tis from the oft-pierced heart those
precious drops distil,

That many a life, else all unblest, with healing
balm shall fill.

Then give, oh give the flower to those who pray it
so may be !

But I would choose to have the thorns with Thee,
dear Lord, with Thee.

Man judgeth man in ignorance, he seeth but in part;

Our trust is in our Maker, God, who searcheth every heart:

And every wrong, and every woe, when put beneath our feet,

As stepping-stones may help us on to His high mercy-seat.

Then teach us still to smile, O Lord! though sharp the stones may be,

Remembering that they bring us near to Thee, dear Lord, to Thee.



WE find it difficult to believe in that almighty goodness that inflicts trials on those whom it loves. Why, we say, should it please God to make us suffer? Why should He not make us good, without making us miserable? Doubtless He could, for He is all-powerful: the hearts of men are in His hands, and He can turn them as He will. But He, who could save us from sorrow, has not chosen to

do it: just as he has wished that men should grow slowly from infancy to manhood, instead of creating them at once in maturity. We have only to be silent, and adore His profound wisdom, without comprehending it. Thus we see clearly that we cannot be virtuous but in proportion as we become humble, disinterested, trusting every thing to God, without any unquiet concern about ourselves. We have need of all our crosses. When we suffer much, it is because we have strong ties that it is necessary to loosen. We resist, and we thus retard the divine operation; we repulse the heavenly hand, and it must come again: it would be wiser to yield ourselves at once to God.

Our Father in heaven orders a series of events that gradually detach us from the earth, and finally from self. This operation is painful; but it is the disease of our soul that renders it necessary, and that causes the pain we feel. Is it cruelty in the surgeon to cut to the quick? No: on the contrary, it is affection, it is skill: he would so treat his only son.

And thus it is with God: His parental heart does not wish to grieve us; He must wound us to the very heart, that he may cure its malady. He must take from us what is most dear, lest we love it too much,—lest we love it to the prejudice of our love for Him. We weep, we despair, we groan in our spirits, and we murmur against God: but He leaves us to our sorrow, and we are saved; our present grief saves us from an eternal sorrow. He has placed the friends whom He has taken from us in safety, to restore them to us in eternity. He has deprived us of them, that He may teach us to love them with a pure love,—a love that we may enjoy in His presence for ever. He confers a greater blessing than we are capable of desiring.

FENELON.

SHE spoke with passion after pause, “And were it wisely done,
If we, who cannot gaze above, should walk the earth alone?—

If we, whose virtue is so weak, should have a will
so strong,
And stand blind on the rocks, to choose the right
path from the wrong?
To choose, perhaps, a love-lit hearth, instead of love
and Heaven, —
A single rose for a rose-tree, which beareth seven
times seven?
A rose that droppeth from the hand, that fadeth in
the breast,
Until, in grieving for the worst, we learn what is
the best?"

Then, breaking into tears, "Dear God," she cried,
"and must we see
All blissful things depart from *us*, or ere we go to
Thee?
We cannot guess Thee in the wood, or hear Thee
in the wind;
Our cedars must fall round us, ere we see the light
behind;
Ay, sooth, we feel too strong in weal to need Thee
on that road;
But, woe being come, the soul is dumb that crieth
not on God."

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

THE thorn in the flesh was sent to keep Paul humble. And we may be quite sure it did what it was sent to do. It would be effectual. The apostle had many things to puff him up; but this one thing would keep him down. Perhaps, in the case of each of us, most of those who know us would find it difficult to see any reason why we should be exalted above measure. We have not much perhaps to be vain about; yet who does not know how ready all human beings are to think of themselves far more highly than they ought to think, and to think of themselves as very different from what they appear to others? St. Paul was thinking especially about spiritual pride, and about temptation to be vain of his spiritual gifts and attainments; and probably there is no form of self-conceit that steals in more subtly than that, or needs to be more rigorously kept down. A man may feel a deep spiritual pride because he is (as he fancies) so free from spiritual pride. And indeed, in all

respects, — as regards our talents, our influence, our reputation, our general position, — there is, in the heart of almost all, a tendency, needing to be constantly held in check, to undue self-estimation. And this tendency is not one that will do to have corrected just once for all. It is not like a tree that you cut down once for all and are done with; it is rather like the grass of a lawn, which you may mow down as closely as you can, and in a little it will grow up again just as before. Now, Paul's self-conceit was mown down regularly every day. If it was always growing, the influence was always at work to keep it down. If, at any time, the thought began to get the upper hand, how great, and useful, and highly favored a man he was, — there was the sharp thorn piercing in, sorer and deeper; and *that* set him right. And it is so with us, my friend. As surely as you get to grow out of that humility which best becomes us; as surely as you begin to cherish vain thoughts and high thoughts, — so surely, if God loves you, will

something come to take you down ; so surely will some thorn in the flesh bring you back to your better and lowlier self ; some fresh proof be given you, how weak you were where you fancied yourself strong ; how little esteemed, where you thought it far otherwise ; how feeble, worldly, and imperfect a believer you are yet ; how little grown up to that stature in grace to which you fancied you had grown. And, painful as these lessons may be, we need them all. And, if they be sanctified by the Holy Spirit, they will effectually do their work. We shall not think much of ourselves in the day of crushing sorrow. There will be a constant lesson of humility in remembrance of some act of sin in which we fell, or in even the remembrance of some weakness and folly. You look back, my readers, over your past life, and you remember many things such as we take to be symbolized by that humbling thorn of St. Paul. You have had many takings down. You have had many things tending to make you lowly ; and they are coming every

now and then : perhaps there is some humbling thorn from which you are never free. But was it not all needed? Very few can say that they are too humble with it all. Which of us can say, that we feel our sinfulness and helplessness too much, and that we are clinging to our blessed Saviour too earnestly? Which of us can say that we feel too deeply our utter weakness, and that we are praying too often and too heartily for the aids of that Holy Spirit who alone can bring us safely through? Ah, my readers ! many as may have been our trials, our disappointments, our temptations, let us thank our God for them ; for we needed them all.

BOYD.



GO not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey !
Take from me any thing Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away.
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress :
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness !

While many sympathizing hearts
For my deliverance care,
Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love,
Art teaching me to bear,
By the sweet voice of thankful song,
And calm, confiding prayer.

O comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world does not see !
What hand should pluck me from the flood.
That casts my soul on Thee ?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me ?

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then, on Thy everlasting strength,
With passive trust I stay ;
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

A. L. WARING

ST. PAUL tells us that he did not like the thorn in the flesh, — no man can like what is painful and humiliating, — and three times he besought God that the thorn in the flesh might be taken away: "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice." Thrice, you know, is a number indefinitely used in Scripture: we may be sure Paul offered that prayer far oftener than the bare three times. Every day, I doubt not, when the thorn was first sent, morning, evening, noonday, would the earnest supplication go up from his very heart, that this heavy burden might be taken from him: surely it could never be God's will, that, through the long years of all his coming life, he was to bear that heavy and crushing weight. My reader, have not you done the same? Have you not prayed in earnestness, — yea, in bitterness of heart, — that some cup appointed you might pass away? have not you prayed in earnestness that some sore trial, that you thought would darken all your life, might be spared you; that

some bodily disease would leave you ; that some sorrowful bereavement you saw coming might be kept off ; that the plans and hopes of years might not be frustrated ; in short, that *your* special thorn might depart ? And perhaps Paul's answer was yours. See what God said to Paul's prayer. The thorn in the flesh was not to depart. It was to hang about the great apostle, burdening and humbling him, till the last breath went out from that feeble frame. He was never again to be like other men, — that great apostle Paul. And yet who shall say that his prayer was not answered, — nobly, fully, sublimely answered ? There are two ways of helping a man, burdened with what he has to do or bear : the one way is to give him less to do or bear, — to take the burden off the back ; the other way is to strengthen him to do or bear all that is sent to him, — to strengthen the back to bear the burden. In brief, you may give less work, or you may give more strength. And it was in this way, which even we can see is the better and nobler

way, that the wise and almighty Saviour thought it best to answer his servant's prayer. "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Yes: St. Paul's weakness was to be supplemented by God's almighty strength; the thorn was still to pierce, but patience to bear it all was to be sent; the load was to press heavy on the back, but the back was to be strengthened in just degree. And we do not need to go far for proof how completely God's promise was fulfilled. How thoroughly resigned Paul was; how sanctified to him must that thorn have been; how strengthened his heart must have been with an unearthly strength, — when he could honestly write such words as follow his account of his Redeemer's promise! Oh, the thorn was there, piercing as deep as ever, marring his usefulness, making him seem weak and contemptible to the stranger! But he liked to have to feel, from hour to hour, that he must be always going anew to God for help; he liked the assurance of the blessed Spirit's presence, which he

drew hourly from feeling himself kept up to bear, without a murmur, what he knew that by himself he never could have borne: and so he wrote, not perhaps without a natural tear, "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

BOYD.



SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs.
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wish might always be,
Accepting what they look for only,
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

We need as much the cross we bear
As air we breathe, as light we see:
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

A. L. WARING.

DOES it seem to you impossible that you can ever find your way into a path prepared for you by God, and be led along in it by His mighty counsel? Let me tell you a secret. It requires a very close, well-kept life to do this; a life in which the soul can have confidence always toward God; a life which allows the Spirit always to abide and reign, driven away by no affront of selfishness. There must be a complete renunciation of self-will. God and religion must be practically first; and the testimony that we please God must be the element of our peace. And such a disciple I have never known who did not have it for his joy, that God was leading him on, shaping his life for him, bringing him along out of one moment into the next, year by year. To such a disciple, there is nothing strained or difficult in saying, that God's plan can be found, or that this is the true mode and privilege of life. Nothing to him is easier or more natural. He knows God ever present, feels that God deter-

mines all things for him, rejoices in the confidence that the everlasting counsel of his Friend is shaping every turn of his experience. He does not go hunting after this confidence: it comes to him, abides in him, fortifies his breast, and makes his existence itself an element of peace. And this is your privilege, if only you can live close enough to have the secret of the Lord with you.

How sacred, how strong in its repose, how majestic, how nearly divine, is a life thus ordered! The simple thought of a life which is to be the unfolding, in this manner, of a Divine plan, is too beautiful, too captivating, to suffer one indifferent or heedless moment. Living in this manner, every turn of your experience will be a discovery to you of God, every change a token of His Fatherly counsel. Whatever obscurity, darkness, trial, suffering, falls upon you; your defeats, losses, injuries; your outward state, employment, relations; what seems hard, unaccountable, severe, or, as nature might say, vexatious, — all these, you

will see, are parts or constitutive elements in God's beautiful and good plan for you, and, as such, are to be accepted with a smile. Trust God, have an implicit trust in God, and these very things will impart the highest zest to life. If you were in your own will, you could not bear them; and, if you fall at any time into your own will, they will break you down. But the glory of your condition, as a Christian, is that you are in the mighty and good will of God. Hence it was that Bunyan called his hero Great-heart; for no heart can be weak that is in the confidence of God.

See how it was with Paul, — counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge; enduring, with godlike patience, unspeakable sufferings; casting every thing behind him, and following on to apprehend that for which he was apprehended. He had a great and mighty will, but no self-will: therefore he was strong, a true lion of the faith. Away, then, with all feeble complaints, all meagre and mean anxieties.

Take your duty, and be strong in it, as God will make you strong. The harder it is, the stronger, in fact, you will be. Understand, also, that the great question here is, not what you will get, but what you will become. The greatest wealth you can ever get will be in yourself. Take your burdens and troubles and losses and wrongs, if come they must and will, as your opportunities, knowing that God has girded you for greater things than these. Oh, to live out such a life as God appoints, how great a thing it is! to do the duties, make the sacrifices, bear the adversities, finish the plan, and then to say with Christ, "It is finished."

H. BUSHNELL.



I LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove :
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so, beside the Silent Sea,
I wait the muffled oar :
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air :
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

J. G. WHITTIER.

GOD is the Master of the scenes. We must not choose what part we shall act : it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, *If this please God, let it be as it is.* And we, who pray that God's will may be done in earth as it is in heaven, must remember, that the angels do whatsoever is commanded them, and go wherever they are sent, and refuse no circumstances ; and, if their employment be crossed by a higher decree, they sit down in peace, and rejoice in the event. Here, therefore, is the wisdom of the contented man,—to let God choose for him ; for when we have given up our wills to Him, and stand in that station of the battle where our great General hath placed us, our spirits must need rest, while our conditions have for their security the power, the wisdom, and the charity of God.

Contentedness in all accidents brings great peace of spirit, and is the great and only instrument of temporal felicity. It removes the sting from the accident, and makes a man not

to depend upon chance and the uncertain dispositions of men for his well-being, but only on God and his own spirit. We ourselves make our fortunes good or bad; and, when God lets loose a tyrant upon us, or a sickness, or scorn, or a lessened fortune, if we fear to die, or know not to be patient, or are proud or covetous, then the calamity sits heavy on us. But if we know how to manage a noble principle, and fear not death so much as a dishonest action, and think impatience a worse evil than a fever, and pride to be the biggest disgrace, and poverty to be infinitely desirable before the torments of covetousness, — then we, who now think vice to be so easy, and make it so familiar, and think the cure so impossible, shall quickly be of another mind, and reckon these accidents amongst things eligible.

Suppose thyself in as great a sadness as ever did load thy spirit, wouldst thou not bear it cheerfully and nobly if thou wert sure, that, within a certain space, some strange, excellent fortune would relieve thee and enrich thee and

recompense thee, so as to overflow all thy hopes and thy desires and capacities? Now, then, when a sadness lies heavy upon thee, remember that thou art a Christian designed to the inheritance of Jesus; and what dost thou think concerning thy great fortune, thy lot and portion of eternity? If thou considerest thy own present condition, and comparest it to thy future possibility, thou canst not feel the present smart of a cross fortune to any great degree, either because thou hast a far bigger sorrow or a far bigger joy. Here thou art but a stranger travelling to thy country, where the glories of a kingdom are prepared for thee; it is, therefore, a huge folly to be much afflicted because thou hast a less convenient inn to lodge in by the way.

But these arts of looking backwards and forwards are more than enough to support the spirit of a Christian: there is no man but hath blessings enough in present possession, to outweigh the evils of a great affliction. Tell the joints of thy body, and do not accuse the uni-

versal Providence, for a lame leg or the want of a finger, when all the rest is perfect, and you have a noble soul, a particle of divinity, the image of God Himself; and by the want of a finger you may the better know how to estimate the remaining parts, and to account for every degree of the surviving blessings. And he that hath so many causes of joy and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly: for this day only is ours, we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow.

In all troubles and sadder accidents, let us take sanctuary in religion; and, by innocence, cast out anchors for our souls, to keep them from shipwreck, though they be not kept from storm. The greatest evils are from within us, and from ourselves also we must look for our greatest good: for God is the fountain of it, but

reaches it to us by our own hand ; and, when all things look sadly round about us, then only we shall find how excellent a fortune it is to have God to our friend : and, of all friendships, that only is created to support us in our needs.

JEREMY TAYLOR.



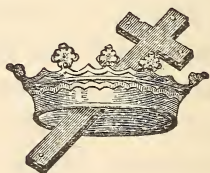
I THINK we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope,
Indeed, beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart ! be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
" Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God."

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

HOW shalt thou bear the cross which now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the Eternal Years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the Eternal Years.

FABER.





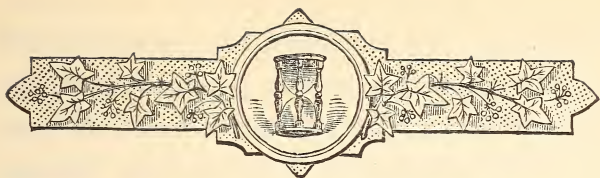
WORK FOR CHRIST.



"AND WHOSOEVER SHALL GIVE TO DRINK UNTO ONE OF THESE LITTLE
ONES A CUP OF COLD WATER ONLY, IN THE NAME OF A DISCIPLE, VERILY
I SAY UNTO YOU, HE SHALL IN NO WISE LOSE HIS REWARD."—Matt.
x. 42.







WORK FOR CHRIST.



IT is not they alone who are trying purposely to convert or corrupt others, who exert an influence : you cannot live without exerting influence. The doors of your soul are open on others, and theirs on you. You inhabit a house which is well-nigh transparent ; and what you are within, you are ever showing yourself to be without, by signs that have no ambiguous expression. If you had the seeds of a pestilence in your body, you would not have a more active contagion than you have in your tempers, tastes, and principles. Simply to be in this world, whatever you are, is to exert an

influence, — an influence, too, compared with which mere language and persuasion are feeble. You say that you mean well; at least, you think you mean to injure no one. Do you injure no one? Is your example harmless? Is it ever on the side of God and duty? You cannot reasonably doubt that others are continually receiving impressions from your character. As little can you doubt, that you must answer for these impressions. If the influence you exert is unconsciously exerted, then it is only the most sincere, the truest expression, of your character.

The true philosophy or method of doing good is here explained. It is, first of all and principally, to be good, — to have a character that will of itself communicate good. There must and will be active effort where there is goodness of principle; but the latter we should hold to be the principal thing, — the root and life of all. The Christian is called a light, not lightning. In order to act with effect on others, he must walk in the Spirit, and thus

become the image of goodness ; he must be so akin to God, and so filled with His dispositions, that he shall seem to surround himself with a hallowed atmosphere. It is folly to endeavor to make ourselves shine before we are luminous. If the sun without his beams should talk to the planets, and argue with them till the final day, it would not make them shine : there must be light in the sun itself, and then they will shine of course. And this is what God intends for you all. It is the great idea of His gospel and the work of His Spirit, to make you lights in the world. His greatest joy is to give you character, to beautify your example, to exalt your principles, and make you each the depository of His own almighty grace. But, in order to this, something is necessary on your part, — a full surrender of your mind to duty and to God, and a perpetual desire of this spiritual intimacy. Having this, having a participation thus of the goodness of God, you will as naturally communicate good as the sun communicates his beams.

H. BUSHNELL.

LATE to our town there came a maid,
A noble woman, true and pure ;
Who, in the little while she stayed,
Wrought works that shall endure.

It was not any thing she said, —
It was not any thing she did :
It was the movement of her head,
The lifting of her lid ;

Her little motions, when she spoke ;
The presence of an upright soul ;
The living light that from her broke, —
It was the perfect whole.

We saw it in her floating hair,
We saw it in her laughing eye ;
For every look and feature there
Wrought works that cannot die.

She passed, — she went to other lands ;
She knew not of the work she did :
The wondrous product of her hands,
From her is ever hid.

For ever, did I say? Oh no!
The time must come when she will look
Upon her pilgrimage below,
And find it in God's book;

That, as she trod her path aright,
Power from her very garments stole:
For such is the mysterious might
God grants the upright soul.

A deed, a word, our careless rest,
A simple thought, a common feeling,
If He be present in the breast,
Has from Him powers of healing.

J. H. PERKINS.

TILL we have reflected on it, we are scarcely aware how much the sum of human happiness in the world is indebted to this one feeling, — sympathy. We get cheerfulness and vigor, we scarcely know how or when, from mere association with our fellow-men; and from the looks reflected on us of gladness

and enjoyment, we catch inspiration and power to go on, from human presence and from cheerful looks. The workman works with added energy from having others by. The full family circle has a strength and a life peculiarly its own. The substantial good and the effectual relief which men extend to one another is trifling. It is not by these, but by something far less costly, that the work is done. God has insured it by a much more simple machinery. He has given to the weakest and the poorest, power to contribute largely to the common stock of gladness. The child's smile and laugh are mighty powers in this world. When bereavement has left you desolate, what substantial benefit is there which makes condolence acceptable? It cannot replace the loved ones you have lost; it can bestow upon you nothing permanent. But a warm hand has touched yours; and its thrill told you, that there was a living response there to your emotion. One look, one human sigh, has done more for you than the costliest present could convey.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

OPPORTUNITIES of doing good do not come back. We are here for a most definite and intelligible purpose, — to educate our own hearts by deeds of love, and to be the instruments of blessing to our brother-men. There are two ways in which this is to be done : by guarding them from danger, and by soothing them in their rough path by kindly sympathies, — the two things which the apostles were asked to do for Christ. And it is an encouraging thought, that he who cannot do the one, has at least the other in his power. If he cannot protect, he can sympathize. Let the weakest, let the humblest remember, that, in his daily course, he can, if he will, shed around him almost a heaven. Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness, — these cost very little ; but they are priceless in their value. Are they not almost the staple of our daily happiness? From hour to hour, from moment to moment, we are supported, blest, by small kindnesses.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

OH say not we through life must struggle,
Must toil and mourn alone ;
That no one human heart can answer
The beatings of our own.

The stars look down from the silent heaven
Into the quiet stream,
And see themselves from its dewy depths,
In fresher beauty gleam.

The sky, with its pale or glowing hues,
Ever painteth the wave below ;
And the sea sends up its mist to form
Bright clouds and the heavenly bow.

Thus each does of the other borrow
A beauty not its own,
And tells us that no thing in Nature
Is for itself alone.

Alone, amid life's griefs and perils,
The stoutest heart may quail ;
Left to its own unaided efforts,
The strongest arm may fail.

And though all strength still comes from Heaven,
All light from God above,
Yet we may sometimes be His angels,
The apostles of His love.

Then let us learn to help each other,
Hoping unto the end :
Who sees in every man a brother,
Shall find in each a friend.

Hymns of the Ages.



IN Christ, the second Adam, we have a new relationship to all human beings. In Christ, the Head of the Church, we have a new and immortal relationship to all Christians. "In that ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." Link these words to the other, let the life of faith overflow into the life of service, and never more shall you complain of isolation or loneliness, — of none to love you, or of none for you to serve. See in every suffering, tried, sinful man and woman around you, those whom your Lord pitied, loved, died for; those who may be led from whatever

depth, who may be led by *your* voice and your hand, to be blessed as you are in Him. Go forth every morning, not *from* His presence, but *in* His presence, strong in the faith of His personal love to you, and you shall find the hardest yoke easy, and the heaviest burden light; for the burdens of circumstance and earthly trial are light indeed to those whose hearts are set free from the burden of guilt, from the weight of an aimless life, from the weight of an empty heart crushed by its own vacuum.

MRS. CHARLES.

YOU say with a sigh, "Oh, if I had nothing to do but just to be with Christ personally, and have my duty solely as with Him, how sweet and blessed and secret and free would it be!" Well, you may have it so: exactly this you may do, and nothing more. Sad mistake that you should ever have thought otherwise: what a loss of privilege has it been! Come back, then, to Christ; retire into the

secret place of His love, and have your whole duty personally as with Him. Only then you will make this very welcome discovery, that, as you are personally given up to Christ's person, you are going where He goes, helping what He does; keeping ever dear, bright company with Him in all His motions of good and sympathy; refusing even to let Him suffer, without suffering with Him. And so you will do a great many more duties than you even think of now; only they will all be sweet and easy and free, even as your love is. You will stoop low, and bear the load of many, and be the servant of all; but it will be a secret joy that you have with your Master personally. You will not be digging out points of conscience, and debating what your duty is to this or that, or him or her, or here or yonder: indeed, you will not think that you are doing much for Christ any way, — not half enough; and yet He will be saying to you every hour, in sweetest approbation, "Ye did it unto me."

H. BUSHNELL.

MUST I my brother keep,
And share his pains and toil;
And weep with those that weep,
And smile with those that smile;
And act to each a brother's part,
And feel his sorrows in my heart?

Must I his burden bear
As though it were my own;
And do as I would care
Should to myself be done;
And faithful to his interests prove,
And as myself my neighbor love?

Must I reprove his sin;
Must I partake his grief;
And kindly enter in
And minister relief;
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
And love him not in word, but deed?

Then, Jesus, at Thy feet
A student let me be,
And learn, as it is meet,
My duty, Lord, of Thee;
For Thou didst come on mercy's plan,
And all Thy life was love to man.

GOD'S people shall renew their strength, and mount up with wings as eagles. But it is quite a mistake to fancy, that, like that bird which builds her nest on the dizzy crag, and soars aloft and sails along in the paths of the clouds and thunder, religion belongs only to the highest, and what are called holy, duties of life. While she rises to its highest, she stoops to its meanest, occupations. As well as the seraphs that sing before the throne ; as the heralds who sound the trumpet of the gospel, and proclaim salvation to perishing sinners ; as the Christian who enters his closet to hold communion with God,—they are doing the work of the Lord who kindle a fire, or sweep a floor, or guide a plough, or sit over a desk, or work at a bench, or break stones on the road, with a desire so to do their work, that God may thereby be glorified. All work, done from such motives and for such an end, becomes the work of the Lord ; and thus our life, in all its phases, entirely spent in the work of the Lord, should

flow on like a river, which, however rough its bed, short or long its course, tame or grand the scenes through which it passes, springs from a lofty fountain, and, born of the skies, bears blessings in its waters, and heaven reflected in its bosom.

GUTHRIE.



IT is they who glorify God who shall enjoy Him; they who deny themselves, who shall not be denied; they who labor on earth, who shall rest in heaven; they who bear the cross, who shall wear the crown; they who seek to bless others, who shall be blessed: nor is there a prayer you offer, one good word you drop, a work of mercy you undertake, a tear you shed for sinners, a loaf you carry to a poor man's door, a cup of water, even a kind look given to human sorrow, that shall be forgotten. All are recorded in the Chronicles of the Kingdom, and shall be acknowledged in the pres-

ence of an assembled universe, when, unnoticed and unknown no longer, you bend your head for the blood-bought crown ; and Christ, as He places it on immortal brows, says, "Thus shall it be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honor."

The sun is not less resplendent for all the light he sheds when he sinks in the golden west ; nor the sea, when she roars along the shore, less full for all the showers she gives ; nor the rose, the lily, or the jessamine less fragrant for all the odors they fling on the passing breeze ; nor the earth leaner, but fatter, for the cattle that tread its pastures and the harvests that are borne from its fields : and even so it will be found, that they who have lived most for others have lived best for themselves. The God whose glory, not their own, they sought, shall not forget to glorify them ; and, rewarding what they did for others as done to Himself, their Judge shall say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of them, ye did it unto me."

SEE the rivers flowing
Downwards to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free :
Yet, to help their giving,
Hidden springs arise ;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes,
From their beauty shed :
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth ;
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures, —
From fair nature learn ;
Give thy love, and ask not,
Wait not, a return :
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more.

A. A. PROCTER.

THE benevolence of the gospel lies in action. The benevolence of our fictitious writers is a kind of high-wrought delicacy of feeling and sentiment. The one dissipates all its fervors in sighs and tears and idle aspirations : the other reserves its strength for efforts and execution. The one regards it as a luxurious enjoyment for the heart : the other, as a work and business for the hand. The one sits in indolence, and broods, in visionary rapture, over its schemes of ideal philanthropy : the other steps abroad, and enlightens, by its presence, the dark and pestilential hovels of disease. The one wastes away in empty ejaculation : the other gives time and trouble to the work of beneficence, gives education to the orphan, provides clothes for the naked, and lays food on the tables of the hungry. The one is indolent and capricious, and often does mischief by the occasional overflowings of a whimsical and ill-directed charity : the other is vigilant and discerning, and takes care lest its distributions

be injudicious, and the efforts of benevolence be misapplied. The one is soothed with the luxury of feeling, and reclines in easy and indolent satisfaction: the other shakes off the deceitful languor of contemplation and solitude, and delights in a scene of activity. Remember that virtue, in general, is not to feel, but to do; not merely to conceive a purpose, but to carry that purpose into execution; not merely to be overpowered by the impression of a sentiment, but to practise what it loves, and to imitate what it admires.

To be benevolent in speculation is often to be selfish in action and in reality. The vanity and the indolence of man deludes him into a thousand inconsistencies. He professes to love the name and the semblance of virtue; but the labor of exertion and of self-denial terrifies him from attempting it. The emotions of kindness are delightful to his bosom; but then they are little better than a selfish indulgence. They terminate in his own enjoyment. They are a mere refinement of luxury. His eye

melts over the picture of fictitious distress, while not a tear is left for the actual starvation and misery by which he is surrounded. It is easy to indulge the imaginations of a visionary heart, in going over a scene of fancied affliction ; because here there is no sloth to overcome, no avaricious propensity to control, no offensive or disgusting circumstance to allay the unmingled impression of sympathy which a soft and elegant picture is calculated to awaken. It is not so easy to be benevolent in action and in reality ; because here there is fatigue to undergo, there is time and money to give, there is the mortifying spectacle of vice and folly and ingratitude to encounter.

Benevolence is not in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth. It is a business with men as they are, and with human life as drawn by the rough hand of experience. It is a duty which you must perform at the call of principle, though there be no voice of eloquence to give splendor to your exertions, and no music of poetry to lead your willing footsteps through

the bowers of enchantment. It is an exertion of principle. You must go to the poor man's cottage, though no verdure flourish around it, and no rivulet be nigh to delight you by the gentleness of its murmurs. If you look for the romantic simplicity of fiction, you will be disappointed; but it is your duty to persevere, in spite of every discouragement. Benevolence is not merely a feeling, but a principle; not a dream of rapture for the fancy to indulge in, but a business for the hand to execute.

CHALMERS.



IF you have not gold or silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot towards the needy
Reach an ever-open hand,—
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;

If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do, —
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do :
Fortune is a lazy goddess ;
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare ;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.



A MAN in adversity is like a wrecked and dismantled ship upon the deserted strand : he needeth much reparation and outfit before he can be of use to any one. A man in prosperity is like a ship full laden with costly goods, which is a prize to every one that is needy, and an honor to every one who hath in

her any share or interest. A man who is rejected and despised of the world, is like a ship that is not seaworthy, in which no one will risk an atom of his wealth, and which proves a clog upon the course of any free and fair sailing vessel; whereas a man whom the world embraceth with its favors, and who flourisheth in prosperity, is like a convoy ship, under whose lofty and armed sides many sail in safety. Who is he that hath had the world set against him, or whom the world hath dashed from his anchorage ground, that hath not known, amidst these back waters of the soul, the good and the strength of heart there is in a friend upon whom to fall back, and by whom to be received as into a haven, and fitted out again for another encounter? Happy is he who hath one into whose ear his soul may tell its calamities, show its weaknesses, and lay open its wounds; from whose lips it may receive the consolation and tender counsels it needeth; at whose hand accept the help, and, if need be, the medicine, which cures adversity; and whose

bitterness is savory, when administered by the hand of a friend ! Eloquence might exhaust itself in speaking the praises of a man who can discern the value of a soul in its dismantled state, stripped of all outward embellishments, and struggling hard with its bristling ills and thick-coming trials ; who can say, " Come to my home, with a welcome ; come for a season, and take shelter until the storm be overpast ; come, and I will make thee a chamber upon the wall, where thou shalt be free to go out and in unmolested, and share our bread and our water." I tell you of a truth, the man who can so entreat a ruined man, is worth a whole streetful of visit-exchanging citizens. He is the good Samaritan, whom Christ painted to the life for all His followers. He will stand in the judgment, because he took the stranger in, and clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, and gave the thirsty drink. There is immortality in these actions : their memory never fails, and the remembrance of them delights the soul for ever.

THY neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim ;
Whom hunger sends from door to door :
Go thou, and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain :
Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem ;
Widow and orphan, helpless left :
Go thou, and shelter them.

PEABODY

HOW often, in our daily life, in the social intercourse which we hold with our fellow-men, if we will not bear witness for Christ on the moment, we cannot do so at all ! If we will not throw ourselves into the gap at the instant, then, while we are deliberating, while we are mustering our tardy forces, the gap is closed, and it becomes impossible for us to do at all what we would not do at once. The stream of conversation flows on, and cannot be brought back to the point where it then was. The pernicious maxim was left unreprieved ; the word dishonorable to God or, injurious to His servants, to His truth, was suffered to pass by unrebuked : and it must continue so now ; for that word which we would not speak at once, we cannot now speak at all.

Nor does it fare otherwise with acts of kindness and deeds of love. It is, indeed, quite true of these, that, in one shape or another, they may always be done by those who have any mind or affection to them. In a world of

woe like ours, the stripped and wounded traveller lies ever in the way, if only there be the good Samaritan to see him and to help him. But it is not the less true, that many precious opportunities of binding up wounds, and strengthening the weak, may escape us unimproved, and may have passed from us for ever, for they are as guests from another world, whom, if we do not invite to turn in upon the instant when they show themselves to us, we may afterwards follow, but we shall not overtake them, — least of all shall we persuade to turn back again at our bidding. The need which we might have helped, but did not, another has helped in our stead; or it has outgrown all human help, because we would not help it in time. The prayers which we might have offered for a suffering brother in the hour of his sore temptation or his pain, with which we might have helped him, — he has struggled through without them, or has passed, it may be, into a world where they cannot reach to aid him.

R. C. TRENCH.

SOW with a generous hand :
Pause not for toil or pain,
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain ;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not :
A table will be spread ;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread ?
Sow while the earth is broken ;
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow : while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it,
They will stir in their quiet sleep ;
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow ; for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day :
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away

Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow : and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears, —
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

A. A. PROCTER.

THERE are people who would do great acts ; but, because they wait for great opportunities, life passes, and the acts of love are not done at all. Observe, this considerateness of Christ was shown in little things. And such are the parts of human life. Opportunities for doing *greatly* seldom occur : life is made up of infinitesimals. If you compute the sum of happiness in any given day, you will find that it was composed of small attentions, kind looks, which made the heart swell, and stirred into health that sour, rancid film of misanthropy which is apt to coagulate on the stream of our

inward life, as surely as we live in heart apart from our fellow-creatures. Doubtless, the memory of each one of us will furnish him with the picture of some member of a family, whose very presence seemed to shed happiness; a daughter, perhaps, whose light step, even in the distance, irradiated every one's countenance. What was the secret of such a one's power? What had she done? Absolutely nothing; but radiant smiles, beaming good humor, the tact of divining what every one felt and every one wanted, told that she had got out of self, and learned to think for others: so that at one time it showed itself in deprecating the quarrel, which lowering brows and raised tones already showed to be impending, by sweet words; at another, by smoothing an invalid's pillow; at another, by soothing a sobbing child; at another, by humoring and softening a father, who had returned weary and ill-tempered from the irritating cares of business. None but she saw those things. None but a loving heart *could* see them.

That was the secret of her heavenly power. Call you these things homely trifles? By reference to the character of Christ, they rise into something quite sublime; for that is loving as He loved. And remark, too, these trifles prepared for larger deeds. The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love, is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones. The Soul which poured itself out to death upon the cross for the human race, was the spirit of Him who thought of the wants of the people, contrived for the rest of the disciples, and was thoughtful for a mother.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

YET in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise,

For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteeméd in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things ;
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is : God made her so ;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

J. R. LOWELL.

A BUSY, useful, holy life, and none other,
is a life of well-doing ; is a noble life,
though passed in a cottage ; is a happy one,
though its path be rough and thorny. In a
world where there is much to do, it allots little
time for self-enjoyments, and no time for sinful
ones. Filled up with the duties of home and

business, with the paramount interests of eternity and of our souls, with good deeds done to others and the claims they have on our help, its days, instead of walking on leaden feet, seem to fly on eagles' wings; the busiest life appearing all too idle, and the longest proving all too short, for the work we have to do. Like a toil-worn laborer, weary *in*, though not of, his work, the Christian may sometimes wish it were concluded, and long for sunset that he might leave the field to go home, — his the desire of the Psalmist, "Oh that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" Yet—toiling and enduring, bearing others' burdens along with his own, living not for himself, regarding every day as lost which is not marked by some good got or done, and regarding himself as the steward of God's bounty; not a lord, but a laborer, in the vineyard — that man, though he may be weary *in*, will not be weary *of*, well-doing.

Whoever may be pouring water on a sand bed; running their horses on a rock and plough-

ing there with oxen ; beating the air and spending their strength for nought ; giving their money for that which is not bread, and their labor for that which profiteth not, — it is not such as, in the words of the apostle, are “careful to maintain good works.” Engaging in these, we shall reap if we faint not. No pain suffered, nor service rendered, nor work done for Christ, is lost : the very shame we bear for Him shall be transformed into immortal laurels ; and every tear shed like His over human sorrow, or hers who bent in penitence at His feet, shall be a pearl in the heavenly crown. The poorer we become for Christ, we shall grow the richer. The more we forget ourselves, the more will He remember us. Even a cup of cold water, given to a disciple in the name of a disciple, has the promise of a rich reward ; while, of all the saints in the kingdom of heaven, they shall shine brightest, and sing loudest, and enter in fullest measure into the joys of their Lord, whose life has most resembled His. Most blessed they that tread the closest on the steps

of one who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister ; who spent His days going about doing good ; and whose life, till it closed in a bloody death, amply fulfilled the promise of its dawn, of His earliest recorded saying, of this reply to Mary : " How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" — " I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me," says St. John, " Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them."

GUTHRIE.

HE liveth long who liveth well ;
All other life is short and vain :
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well ;
All else is being flung away :
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being ; back to Him,
Who freely gave it, freely give :
Else is that being but a dream, —
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be what thou seemest ; live thy creed ;
Hold up to earth the torch divine :
Be what thou prayest to be made ;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

H. BONAR.



A FERVENT spirit is the most abundant source of an active life. In heaven there is a perfect activity, because in heaven there is a perfect fervor. They are all happy there. They have a sufficient end in all they do. There is no wearying in their work, for there is no waning in their love. The want of a sufficient object would make any man idle. A

friend once found the author of "The Seasons" in bed long after noon; and, upbraiding him for his indolence, the poet remarked, that he just lay still because, if he were up, he would have nothing to do. But, even in this sluggish world, there are those whose hearty relish of their work, and sense of its importance, so inspire them, that they are very loath, when slumber constrains them, to quit it, and often prevent the dawning in order to resume it. It was mathematical fervor which kept Newton poring on his problems, till the midnight wind swept over his papers the ashes from his long-extinguished fire. It was artistic fervor which kept Reynolds with the pencil in his glowing hand for thirty-six hours together, evoking from the canvas forms of beauty that seemed glad to come. It was poetic fervor which sustained Dryden in a fortnight's frenzy, when composing his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, heedless of privations, which he did not so much as perceive. It was classical fervor which, for six successive months, constrained the German

scholar, Heyne, to allow himself no more than two nights of weekly rest, that he might complete his perusal of the old Greek authors. And it was scientific fervor which dragged the lazy but eloquent French naturalist, Buffon, from beloved slumbers to his still more beloved studies, for many years together. There is no department of human distinction which cannot record its feats of fervor. But shall science, with its corruptible crowns, and the world with its vanities, monopolize this enthusiasm? If not, let each one consider, What is the greatest self-denial to which a godly zeal has prompted me? Which is the largest or the greatest work through which a holy fervor has ever carried me?

HAMILTON.



WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil ;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,

To wrestle, not to reign ; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hands,
From thy hands, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer ;
And God's grace fructify through thee to all :
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING

THE Master instructs us how to greet newborn souls on their entrance into life, with what feelings to take them into our arms, what estimate to put on their immortal capacity, and with what grand purpose to educate them. All this He includes in the precept, that we "receive them in His name." Could the sacred and profound and peculiar duty which Christendom owes to its offspring be more comprehensively declared? How can we be said to receive children in the name of Christ? Plainly enough, it is not by lavishing upon them a sen-

timental admiration, or an indulgent fondness ; it is not by making them the materials of a thoughtless amusement ; it is not by rejoicing over them with a selfish sort of pride, as the heirs of our property or the upholders of our worldly reputation ; it is not by carelessness of their spiritual training, and neglect of their souls. On the contrary, it is by regarding them as the lawful inheritors of Christ's spiritual promises ; as the intended members of His church, and imitators of His life, and partakers of His redemption ; as the appointed subjects of baptism, of prayer, and of inward renewal ; as being born, each one, to yield the world a Christian character ; and thus as being profanely and terribly wronged whenever an irreligious indifference cheats them of this immortal portion. This, Christ would teach us, is to receive children in His name. This is to take them for what they are ; solemnly to take them into our hands, as out of the hand of God ; and, while clasping them to our breasts with natural human love, to look reverently up

to their higher Father, and lift consecrating petitions that they may be saved in the life everlasting. Do this, and you will have no occasion to run in search of a visible empire or outward honors. You may cease contending with one another, ambitious disciples, about high places in the government, and turn your emulation into a more domestic realm. Do this, parents; and the kingdom of heaven will come in the natural way, handed down from parent to child in the blood and all the hereditary influences of believing generations, spreading and gaining power with all the growth and progress of the race. Do this, fathers and mothers; and, instead of prostituting your energies to base contentions after the prizes of fortune or reputation, you will find your dignity and reward in developing imperishable graces in your children's hearts. Instead of honoring earthly princedoms, or an aristocracy of wealth, you will honor the Divine image in the lowliest infant. To symbolize this spiritual truth, the Divine Redeemer Himself became a

child ; He passed to the glory of His mediatorship and the right hand of the Father through the swaddling-clothes that all humanity must wear ; He entered into the complete experience of the race, by being a babe in a cradle ; the sages knelt at the manger ; intellect bowed to spirituality. And now, to this day, whatever Christian parent, out of a living and supreme faith in Christ, recognizes the sanctity of a child's life, and diligently trains him up to be a disciple, receives that child in the name of Christ, and gives the surest evidence that he has received Christ himself.

F. D. HUNTINGTON.



“THE Master has come over Jordan,”
Said Hannah, the mother, one day ;
“Is healing the people, who throng Him,
With a touch of His finger, they say.

And now I shall carry the children, —
Little Rachel and Samuel and John ;

I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly ;
But he shook his head, and smiled,
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 't were well ;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan ;
I feel such a burden of care :
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

If He lay His hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know ;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between ;

'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch and His word ;
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening, —
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

“ Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,”
Said Peter, “ with children like these ?
Seest not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease ? ”

Then Christ said, “ Forbid not the children ;
Permit them to come unto me : ”
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love ;

As He said of the babes in His bosom,
“ Of such are the kingdom of heaven : ”
And strength for all duty and trial,
That hour to her spirit were given.

ELIM.

AS certainly as your Master's love is in you, His work will be upon you. His objects will be yours, and also His divine burden. And sometimes that burden will be heavy. If your heart grows pure, it will just so far be shocked and revolted by the wrath and wrong of evil-doers. As certainly as you have feeling, you will have the pains of feeling. Expect to have your part, then, with Jesus in His Gethsemane. Come in freely hither; tarry ye here and watch. Out of His agony learn how to bear an enemy, what to do for your enemies and God's. If your intercessions sometimes turn to groans; if you sometimes wonder, that, being a Christian, you are yet so heavily, painfully burdened, almost crushed with concern for such as you are trying to save, — let your comfort be, that so you indeed drink your Master's cup. If your love is repelled with scorn, and your good work baffled, and your heart grows heavy under sorrow and discouragement, ready to sink under its load, — come

hither, and pray with Jesus in His sweat of blood, "Let this cup pass from me." If wickedness grows hot in malice round you, if conspiracy and violence array themselves against you, go apart into this Gethsemane of your Lord's troubles, and be sure that some good angel shall be sent to strengthen you. Is not Christ's heart wringing for you more bitterly than yours for itself, "Tarry ye here, and watch"? If some demon of impatience whispers, here or there, "Why not give it up?" behold the agonizing obedience of Christ, faithful unto death, and say with Him, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Look for no mere holiday of frames, but for such kind of joy as a heart may yield that is many times broken by sacrifice. Behold your Master prostrate on the ground; and, by His agony and bloody sweat, be girded for a passion of your own. Consent with Christ to suffer; and when, having gotten His victory, He says, "Rise, let us be going," go, not faltering, even though He lead you to the cross.

H. BUSHNELL.

THE seed must die before the corn appears
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears.

Low have these ears before the sickle lain,
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.

The grain is crushed before the bread is made,
And the bread broke ere life to man conveyed.

Oh be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed and to be broken so,

If thou upon God's table mayst be bread,
Life-giving food for souls an hungerèd !

R. C. TRENCH.

FIVE hundred years have passed since Tauler and his fellows did their simple work, and looked for no fruit from it, but the saving of one here and there from the nether pit. That was enough for which to labor ; but, without knowing it, they did more than that. Their work lives, and will live for ever, though

in forms from which they would have perhaps shrunk had they foreseen them. Let all such, therefore, take heart. They may know their own weakness; but they know not the power of God in them. They may think, sadly, that they are only palliating the outward symptoms of social and moral disease; but God may be striking, by some unconscious chance-blow of theirs, at a root of evil which they never suspected. They may mourn over the failure of some seemingly useful plan of their own; but God may be, by their influence, sowing the seed of some plan of His own, of which they little dream. For every good deed comes from God. His is the idea, His the inspiration, and His its fulfilment in time; and therefore no good deed but lives and grows with the everlasting life of God Himself. And as the acorn, because God has given it "a forming form" and life after its kind, bears within it not only the builder oak, but shade for many a herd, food for countless animals, and at last the gallant ship itself, and the materials for

every use to which nature or art can put it and its descendants after it, throughout all time ; so does every good deed contain within itself endless and unexpected possibilities of other good, which may and will grow and multiply for ever, in the genial light of Him whose eternal Mind conceived it, and whose eternal Spirit will ever quicken it, with that Life of which He is the Giver and the Lord.

KINGSLEY.



WHEN apple blossoms in the spring
Began their fragrant leaves to shed,
And robins twittered on the wing,
“ ’Tis time to sow my seeds,” I said.

So, patiently, with care and pains,
My nurslings under ground I spread :
“ The early and the latter rains
Will reach them where they lie,” I said.

“ The sun will nurse them, and the dew ;
The sweet winds woo them overhead ;
No care of mine shall coax them through
This black, unsightly mould,” I said.

And so I left them, day by day,
To gentle household duties wed;
I went in quiet on my way:
"God will take care of them," I said.

And now 't is autumn: rich and bright
My garden blooms, — blue, white, and red, —
A loyal show, a regal sight:
And all is even as I said.

My faithless heart, the lesson heed;
No longer walk disquieted:
Where the great Sower sows the seed,
All shall be even as He said.

'Tis spring-time yet: behold the years
Roll grandly in, God overhead,
When thou shalt say, "O bootless fears!
Lo! all is even as He said."

CAROLINE A. MASON.

THE labors of believers are so intermingled,
that it is impossible to tell who is the
properly successful one. Indeed, success does
not belong to the solitary. The spinner of the

flax does not despair because she only forms thread. Another must lay the warp and ply the loom, before the cloth can be perfected. Yet the thread must be spun first. Who makes the cloth? The spinner or the weaver? Both. Just so it is in the Church of God. Had Abraham and the prophets no part in bringing about the kingdom of God, because they entered their rest, and their labors followed them, long before the fulness of time? Had Eunice and Lois, who taught Timothy the Scriptures when a little child at the knee, no share in the success of his ministry? Will the martyrs, who sowed the seed of the Church in their blood, have no part in the final harvest? The mighty reformers, who battered down the walls of tyrant error about the ears of wicked priests; the studious scholars, who translated the Scriptures into the common tongue; the contemplative theologians, who, like busy bees, stored, in past centuries, the hives of the Church with honey, upon which we now feed, and in the strength of which we now work, — the Fla-

vels, the Howes, the Baxters, the Barrows, the Leightons,—have they no share in the glorious revivals and the missionary zeal of the nineteenth century? Nay, we do not doubt this. So it may be with us. One may plant, another may water, and one before them both may have broken up the fallow ground, and yet another may reap the harvest; but is the success only his who fills his bosom with the sheaves? The pious parent who teaches her lisping babe; they who sit unweariedly, Sabbath after Sabbath, like Charity in Raphael's picture, with their Sunday-school children around them; the conscientious instructor, who seeks to infuse wisdom from above, with the maxims of daily life, into the hearts of his charge; the tract distributor, who goes forth scattering leaves from the tree of life on the winds of God's providence; the bed-ridden saint, who can only pray and suffer and hope,—all are contributing to the great work, as well as he who bids the penitent welcome to the supper of the Lord, or the angel who bears upward, on rejoicing

wings, the immortal conqueror over death and sin.

We may not see immediate success : there is ordinarily some space between the seed-time and the harvest. But the day is coming when the work of the Lord shall be complete ; and every faithful servant be recognized by his Master, and his labors follow him. He that soweth, and he that watereth, and he that reapeth, shall rejoice together. They are all one, and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor ; and oh, beloved Master, to see Thee on Thy throne, worshipped by the countless shining ones of Thy love, redeemed from sin and sorrow and death ; yes, to be one of those who shall sing hosannas at Thy feet, will be reward enough !

G. W. BETHUNE.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power :
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.
A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life ;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless : none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.
Work, and despair not ; give thy mite,
Nor care how small it be :
God is with all that serve the right, —
The holy, true, and free.



“YET have I left me seven thousand in
Israel who have not bowed the knee to
Baal.” So then, Elijah's life had been no
failure after all. Seven thousand at least in

Israel had been braced and encouraged by his example, and silently blessed him perhaps for the courage which they felt. In God's world, for those that are in earnest, there is no failure. No work truly done, no word earnestly spoken, no sacrifice freely made, was ever made in vain. Never did the cup of cold water, given for Christ's sake, lose its reward.

If ever failure seemed to rest on a noble life, it was when the Son of Man, deserted by His friends, heard the cry which proclaimed that the Pharisees had successfully drawn the net round their Divine Victim. Yet, from that very hour of defeat and death, there went forth the world's life; from that very moment of apparent failure, there proceeded forth into the ages the spirit of the conquering Cross.

Distinguish, therefore, between the real and the apparent. Elijah's apparent success was in the shouts of Mount Carmel. His real success was in the unostentatious, unsurmised obedience of the seven thousand who had taken his God for their God.

A lesson for all, — for teachers who lay their heads down at night, sickening over their thankless task. Remember the power of *indirect* influences : those which distil from a life ; not from a sudden, brilliant effort. The former never fail ; the latter, often. There is good done of which we can never predicate the when or where. Not in the flushing of a pupil's cheek, or the glistening of an attentive eye ; not in the shining results of an examination, — does your real success lie. It lies in that invisible influence on character, which He alone can read who counted the seven thousand nameless ones in Israel.

F. W. ROBERTSON.



YE have not sowed in vain !
 Though the heavens seem as brass ;
 And, piercing the crust of the burning plain,
 Ye scan not a blade of grass.

Yet there is life within,
 And waters of life on high :

One morn ye shall wake, and the spring's soft green
O'er the moistened fields shall lie.

Tears in the dull, cold eye,
Light on the darkened brow,
The smile of peace, or the prayerful sigh,
Where the mocking smile sits now.

Went ye not forth with prayer?
Then ye went not forth in vain:
"The Sower, the Son of Man," was there,
And His was that precious grain.

Ye may not see the bud, —
The first sweet sign of spring;
The first slow drops of the quickening shower,
On the dry, hard ground that ring.

But the harvest home ye'll keep,
The summer of life ye'll share,
When they that sow and they that reap
Rejoice together *there*.

Author of "The Three Wakings."



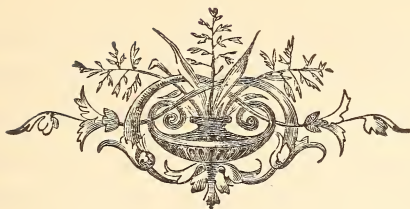
THE UNFAILING FRIEND.



"Lo. I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, EVEN UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD."—
Matt. xxviii. 20.







THE UNFAILING FRIEND.

DEEPER than the love of home, deeper than the love of kindred, deeper than the love of rest and recreation, deeper than the love of life, is the love of Jesus. When they were probing among his shattered ribs for the fatal bullet, the French veteran exclaimed, "A little deeper, and you will find the emperor." The deepest affection in a believing soul is the love of its Saviour. And so, when other spells have lost their magic; when no name of old endearment, no voice of tenderness, can disperse the lethargy of dissolution, — the name that is above every name, pronounced by one

who knows it, will kindle its last animation in the eye of death. And when other persuasives have lost their power; when other loves no longer constrain the Christian; when the love of country no longer constrains his patriotism, nor the love of brethren his philanthropy, nor the love of home his fatherly affection, — the love of Christ will still constrain his loyalty. There is a love to Jesus which nothing can destroy.

If you love the Lord Jesus, you have every thing. Union to Jesus is salvation. Love to Jesus is religion. Love to the Lord Jesus is essential and vital Christianity. It is the main-spring of the life of God in the soul of man. It is the all-inclusive germ which involves within it every other grace. Love to Christ is the best incentive to action, the best antidote to idolatry. It adorns the labors which it animates, and hallows the friendships which it overshadows. Its operation is most marvellous; for, when there is enough of it, it makes the timid bold and the slothful diligent. It puts

eloquence into the stammering tongue, and energy into the withered arm, and ingenuity into the dull, lethargic brain. It takes possession of the soul; and a joyous lustre beams in languid eyes, and wings of new obedience sprout from lazy, leaden feet. Love to Christ is the soul's true heroism, which courts gigantic feats, which selects the heaviest loads and the hardest toils, which glories in tribulations, and hugs reproaches, and smiles at death till the king of terrors smiles again. It is the aliment which feeds assurance, the opiate which lulls suspicion, the oblivious draught which scatters misery and remembers poverty no more. Love to Jesus is the beauty of the believing soul: it is the elasticity of the willing steps, and the brightness of the glowing countenance. If you would be a happy, a holy, and a useful Christian, you must be an eminently Christ-loving disciple. If you have no love to Jesus at all, then you are none of His. But if you have a little love, — ever so little, — a little drop, almost frozen in the coldness of your icy heart,

oh seek more ! Look to Jesus, and cry for the Spirit till you find your love increasing ; till you find it drowning besetting sins ; till you find it drowning guilty fears, — rising till it touch that index, and open your closed lips ; rising, till every nook and cranny of the soul is filled with it, and all the actions of life and relations of earth are pervaded by it ; rising, till it swell up to the brim, and, like the Apostle's love, rush over in a full assurance, " Yes : I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

HAMILTON.

THE light of love is round His feet,
His paths are never dim ;
And He comes nigh to us, when we
Dare not come nigh to Him.

Let us be simple with Him then ;
Not backward, stiff, or cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

His love of us may teach us how
To love Him in return :
Love cannot help but grow more free,
The more its transports burn.

The solemn face, the downcast eye,
The words constrained and cold, —
These are the homage, poor at best,
Of those outside the fold.

Oh that they knew what Jesus was,
And what untold abyss
Lies in love's simple forwardness,
Of more than earthly bliss !

FABER.

“I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth.” Here
there is one word full of meaning, from
which we collect the truth of sympathy : it is
that little word of appropriation, “My” Re-

deemer. Power is shown by God's attentions to the vast; Sympathy, by His condescension to the small. It is not the thought of heaven's sympathy by which we are impressed, when we gaze through the telescope on the mighty world of space, and gain an idea of what is meant by infinite. Majesty and power are there; but the very vastness excludes the thought of sympathy. It is when we look into the world of insignificance, which the microscope reveals, and find that God has gorgeously painted the atoms of creation, and exquisitely furnished forth all that belongs to minutest life, that we feel that God sympathizes and individualizes. When we are told that God is the Redeemer of the *world*, we know that love dwells in the bosom of the Most High; but, if we want to know that God feels for us individually and separately, we must learn by heart this syllable of endearment, "*My Redeemer.*" Child of God, if you would have your thought of God something beyond a cold feeling of His presence, let faith *appropriate* Christ. You

are as much the object of God's solicitude as if none lived but yourself. He has counted the hairs of your head. In Old-Testament language, "He has put your tears into His bottle." He has numbered your sighs and your smiles. He has interpreted the desires for which you have not found a name nor an utterance yourself. If you have not learned to say *My Redeemer*, then, just so far as there is any thing tender or affectionate in your disposition, you will tread the path of your pilgrimage with a darkened and a lonely heart; and, when the day of trouble comes, there will be none of that triumphant elasticity which enabled Job to look down, as from a rock, upon the surges which were curling their crests of fury at his feet, but could only reach his bosom with their spent spray.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

WHEN, across the heart, deep waves of sorrow
Break, as on a dry and barren shore ;
When hope glistens with no bright to-morrow,
And the storm seems sweeping evermore ;

When the cup of every earthly gladness
Bears no taste of the life-giving stream ;
And high hopes, as though to mock our sadness,
Fade and die as in some fitful dream, —

Who shall hush the weary spirit's chiding?
Who the aching void within shall fill?
Who shall whisper of a peace abiding,
And each surging billow calmly still?

Only He whose wounded heart was broken
With the bitter cross and thorny crown ;
Whose dear love glad words of joy had spoken ;
Who His life for us laid meekly down.

Blessed Healer, all our burdens lighten ;
Give us peace, Thine own sweet peace, we pray ;
Keep us near Thee till the morn shall brighten,
And all mists and shadows flee away.

Canterbury Hymnal.

THE number of objects our hearts can hold, or our arms embrace, or our eyes watch, or our fortunes enrich, or our bounty pension, is limited, confined within a narrow range; is small at the largest, and few at the most. It is not so with Him who is mighty to save, abundant in goodness and truth. The supplies of His grace and mercy are unexhausted and exhaustless. Their type shines in that sun, which for six thousand years has shed its light on seas and continents, on crowded cities and lonely solitudes, on burning deserts and fields of ice, on palaces and cottages, on ragged beggars and sceptred kings, on all countries and classes of men; and, with fires fed we know not how, shines to-day as bright as ever, his eye not dim, nor his natural strength abated. And as this is but an image, and a faint image, of God, well may His servant assure us, there shall be no want to them that fear Him. None, neither for the body nor the soul; neither for time nor eternity. Let us come boldly to the

throne of grace. We cannot go to Him too often, nor ask of Him too much. We have no sin, but He has a pardon for it; no sore, but He has a salve for it; no weakness, but He has strength for it; no cankering care, but He has relief for it; no grievous sorrow, but He has comfort for it; no bleeding heart-wound, but He has balm to soothe, and a bandage to bind it up. It is impossible for us to expect too much from His generosity, or trust too implicitly to the bounties of His providence and the aids of His Spirit. It is equally easy for God to supply our greatest as our smallest wants, to carry our heaviest as our lightest burden; just as it is as easy for the great ocean to bear on her bosom a ship of war with all its guns and crew aboard, as a fisherman's boat, or the tiniest craft that floats, falling and rising on her swell. In the most desperate cases of sinners, and in the darkest circumstances of saints, "when all power is gone," and there seems no outget or deliverance, God is mighty to save. Confident in

His resources, He says, "Is any thing too hard for me? Prove me herewith, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing till there is no room to contain. Who is he that feareth the Lord and obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself on his God."

GUTHRIE.

—♦—
WE have no tears Thou wilt not dry;
We have no wounds Thou wilt not heal;
No sorrows pierce our human hearts,
That Thou, dear Saviour, dost not feel.

Thy pity like the dew distils;
And Thy compassion, like the light,
Our every morning overfills,
And crowns with stars our every night.

Let not the world's rude conflict drown
The charmed music of Thy voice,
That calls all weary ones to rest,
And bids all mourning souls rejoice.

H. M. KIMBALL.

THEY thoughts are good, and Thou art kind,
E'en when we think it not :
How many an anxious, faithless mind
Sits grieving o'er its lot ;
And frets and pines by day and night,
As God had lost it out of sight,
And all its wants forgot !

Ah, no ! God ne'er forgets His own ;
His heart is far too true :
He ever seeks their good alone,
His love is daily new ;
And though thou deem that things go ill,
Yet He is just and holy still
In all things He can do.

The Lord is ever close and near
To those who keep His word ;
Whene'er they cry to Him in fear,
Their prayer is surely heard.
He knoweth well who loves Him well ;
His love shall yet their clouds dispel,
And grant the hope deferred.

PAUL GERHARDT.

CHRIST was visibly one of us ; and we see, in all his demonstrations, that He is attentive to every personal want, woe, cry of the world. When a lone woman came up in a crowd, to steal, as it were, some healing power out of His person or out of the hem of His garment, He would not let her off in that impersonal, unrecognizing way : He compelled her to show herself and to confess her name, and sent her away with His personal blessing. He pours out everywhere a particular sympathy on every particular child of sorrow ; He even hunts up the youth He has before healed of his blindness, and opens to him, persecuted as he is for being healed, the secrets of his glorious Messiahship. He has tasted death, not for all men only, but for every man. We even dare to say, For me, who loved me and gave Himself for me. Nay, He goes even further than this Himself, calling us friends, and claiming that dear relationship with us ; friends, because He is on the private footing of friendship and per-

sonal confidence. "The servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends."

To be a disciple is to have the revelation of Christ, and the secret witness of His love, in the soul. It implies a most intimate and closely reciprocal state. According to the representation of the parable, the Holy Shepherd knows His own sheep with a particular knowledge, and calleth them by name; while they, on their part, know His voice, and follow. "A stranger will they not follow, but flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." And He also says Himself, "I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine." Oh! this deep and blessed knowledge, — the knowledge of Christ, — to be in the secret witness of His love, to be in His guidance, to be strong in His support, to be led into the mind of God by Him, and have our prayers shaped by His inward teaching; so to be set in God's everlasting counsel, and be filled with the testimony that we please

Him: this, all this, it is to know Christ's voice.

What can fill us with a loftier inspiration, or lift us into a more sublime and blessed confidence, than this, — the fact that Christ, the Eternal Shepherd, has a personal recognition of us, leading us on, by name, and calling us to follow? No matter whether He call us into ways of gain or of suffering, of honor or of scorn, it is all one, with such a leader before us. Nay, if we go down to sound the depths of sorrow, and ennoble the pains of sacrifice, and perfume the grave of ignominy, what are these but a more inspiring and more Godlike call, since He is now our leader even here. Here is our misery, — that we think to go above Christ, and find some cheaper way; when, if we could truly descend to His level of sacrifice, and take His cross to follow, we should be raised in feeling and power, ennobled in impulse, glorified with Him in His joy. The secret of all our dryness, the root of all our weakness, our want of fruit and progress, our dearth and

desolation, is, that we cannot follow Christ. We cannot believe that He has any particular care of us, or personal interest in our life; and then, falling away at that point from His lead, we drop into ourselves to do a few casual works of duty, in which neither He nor others are greatly blessed. God forbid that we sacrifice our peace so cheaply! Let us hear the Shepherd's voice; and, as He knows us in our sin, so let us go after Him in His sacrifice. Let us claim that inspiration, that ennobled confidence, that comes of being truly with Him. Folded thus in His personal care, and led by the calling of His voice, for which we always listen, let us take His promise, and follow; going in and out, and finding pasture.

H. BUSHNELI.

IN Heavenly Love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear ;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid ;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed ?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back ;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim ;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen ;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free ;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

A. L. WARING.

THE Christian has made the love and favor of God the portion of his choice. His treasures and his hopes are infinitely above earth and beyond time. God the Creator, the Disposer of all, is His Father and Friend, by faith in Jesus Christ. From Him, as the only source, he looks for happiness. He delights in the mortal objects of his affections, pours out no scanty tide of tenderness to kindred and friends, enjoys gratefully the comforts and real pleasures of life, and loves to have the confidence and esteem of those whose confidence and esteem are worth the having; but he does not regard these as original, essential good. They are the streams; God is the fountain: and all their faculty to bless is drawn from His blessing. If the Christian love them well, he loves God more. He neither trusts in them nor relies upon them, but in Him and upon Him from whom they came, and who, in equal goodness, may take them away. Strip him naked of all the world holds dear or precious,

and you have not touched his true wealth. He has yet God in his heart. God, the good, the merciful, the omniscient, the inexhaustible, is still his. "He dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High; he abideth under the shadow of the Almighty."

Is his spirit made to suffer by the death or unkindness of those he loves? He turns the more earnestly to Him who never dies, and "sticketh closer than a brother;" and "the love of God is shed abroad in His heart through the Holy Ghost which is given him." Is he poor? He sets his hopes more firmly on things above, where there is treasure laid up for him; and, while he remains below, his bread and his water is sure. Is he rich? He bows himself to God as "poor and needy," richest in the thought that "the Lord thinketh upon him." Is he despised of men, like his Master? or has calumny done his good name wrong? He has a safe refuge in his pardoning and approving God. He has an honor through Christ, which the world cannot take from Him, — a lofty con-

sciousness of future vindication, which lifts him above its censure and injustice, and carries him forward to that day when God shall crown him with His own hand, and robe him in eternal righteousness. He has, indeed, an immortality — an actual, conscious immortality — of reward and glory through grace, which he will know and feel and luxuriate in ; an immortality death cannot mock ; an immortality of God's approbation, — of fame, living fame among the countless worlds of God's holy servants. Where are they, — the army of martyrs, who soaked the sand of the Roman circus with their blood? Who fed the fires of Smithfield with their life? Whose bones whitened the valleys of Piedmont, the marshes of the Low Countries, or the heath-covered hills of Scotland? No pious hand gathered their ashes. No monumental marble records their names and their constancy. The world has forgotten them. It never knew them. But were they unknown? Did they perish? Are they forgotten? Oh for one moment of that light which shone upon

the dying Stephen, and we should see them close around the throne of the Lamb that was slain for them, and for whom they died, radiant with the beauty of blessedness incorruptible, the most noble hosts of the sons of God!

G. W. BETHUNE.

—♦—

OH, what a load of struggle and distress
Falls off before the Cross! The feverish care,
The wish that we were other than we are,
The sick regrets, the yearnings numberless;
The thought, "This might have been," so apt to
press

On the reluctant soul; even past despair,
Past sin itself, — all, all is turned to fair,
Ay, to a scheme of ordered happiness,
So soon as we love God, or rather know
That God loves us. Accepting the great pledge
Of His concern for all our wants and woe,
We cease to tremble upon danger's edge,
While varying troubles form and burst anew,
Safe in a Father's arms we smile as infants do.

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSEND.

IT is only by daily walking with Jesus — looking ever to Him for grace and strength, leaning ever on His arm, and relying ever on His aid, — that we can hope to do what is right or well-pleasing in the sight of God, or to have in our own hearts “peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.” — “Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.” But oh, how comforting, how animating the thought, that, in the exercise of a living faith, we may have the Saviour ever with us, — yea, abiding in our hearts, nearer, closer to us than the dearest earthly friend; that thus we may see Him in our joys and sorrows, our duties and trials, in the means of grace and in his living word; that we may at any moment lift up the burdened heart to Him, and find relief and solace; that we may bring to Him our crosses and temptations, our cares and anxieties, and feel assured that he will sympathize with us and send relief!

In all this there is to the Christian an ele-

ment of joy, — true, real, spiritual joy, — a joy which supports him in many a heavy trial, which enables him to see sunshine where others can see nothing but blackness, and makes him lose his sorrows when he knows that “all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose.” He feels that he has indeed a Saviour suited to his every want, his utmost need, — a Saviour in whom are blended every tender trait of character, every loving and gentle disposition he can desire as a weak and feeble pilgrim, travelling, amidst dangers and difficulties and sorrows, to the eternal world. He sees in Christ Jesus, his Lord and Saviour, a holiness which will assuredly render him holy; a justice which will suffer no wrong to be perpetrated, or at least, in the end, to triumph; a strength which can bear all his burdens; a wisdom that can guide him in every perplexity; a patience which his many errors and failings will not exhaust; a tenderness which will soothe his heaviest grief; a kind-

ness which countless blessings have only proved and confirmed; a love enduring as eternity.

Able to Save.



SAVIOUR, I shrink my prayers to bring;
My faith is loath to grasp Thy word;
And hope is like a wounded bird,
That scarcely can be made
To try its broken wings.

“My child, I know it better far
Than thou canst tell me: I have seen
Thy long day's toil; I know how keen
The sufferings of thy life
Of weary wrestling are.

Press closer to my wounded side,
My child. Remember that in me
All mine are justified and free.
Thou mayest make thy boast
In me, the Crucified.

Not for their faithful, fervent prayers
Are any saved. For love that burns,

Are none accepted. Each one turns
From self, and lays his hand
Upon the Lamb who bears

The sins of failure, as of guilt.
Fear not. Whom I, the Lord, doth choose,
I often scourge ; but never *lose*
One poor, weak, wayward lamb,
For whom my blood was spilt."



HE that overcometh — every victorious soul prevailing, by faith and by righteousness, in the long and patient battle of life — shall have secret satisfactions springing up in his heart, known only between himself and his Lord. They will not consist in outward applauses, in visible successes, in any worldly compensations whatever. The chief of them all will be the silent assurances of His personal affection, who is the purest, highest, holiest. The testimony of his friendship will be the best reward. The token of His favor will be the inestimable

good. So much light does advancing excellence always cast on old forms of truth, a deeper life ever illuminating even familiar oracles, that the very name of the Christ shall have a new meaning. It shall be a new name. It shall have a personal charm and preciousness to each several believer. None shall know it as he knoweth it that receiveth it.

F. D. HUNTINGTON.



HOW uniform and majestic the testimony, that rises from all the lands and ages, of faith to this simple truth,—that it is not rules of conduct, not systems of ethics, not patterns of propriety, not eloquent expositions, that inspire the believing and faithful heart with its immortal energy and peace; but the simple, secret assurance of being at one with Jesus, and resting in His almighty friendship. Where is the fiery furnace deep enough to burn despair into our souls, if we can see, walking with us through the fire, the form of the

Son of God? What, then, is the tribulation, or famine, or sword, or nakedness, that shall separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord? The mystery of that unity where He who is one with God yet cried, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt," is not for us to understand. Yet the prayer of promise, "They shall be with me where I am," is for us to lay hold of, and breathe again and again, when we are aching and alone and troubled. So the believers have found. When the brilliant, amiable, and accomplished young Italian woman, Olympia Morata, whose learning and loveliness graced the splendid epoch of Leo X., had become the persecuted victim of Romish tyranny, for honoring Christ above a polluted priesthood, then poverty, sickness, desolation, exile, tried their worst upon her constancy. After she, who had been the delicate nursling of courts and letters, had fled across the stony fields of Bavaria, with literally bare and bleeding feet, the strength of the frail body failing, she bent under the roughness of fortune, and

quietly lay down to die. To one of her noble friends in Italy she wrote, "Let the word of God be the rule of thy life, the lamp upon thy path, and thou wilt not stumble." As the purple flood of life ebbed in her thin, white frame, she said, "I desire to die, because I know *the secret* of death. The cunning mechanism is near to its dissolution. I desire to die, that I may be with Jesus Christ, and find in Him eternal life. Do not be disturbed at my death, for I shall conquer in the end: I *desire* to depart, and be with Christ." *With Christ!* So, the world over, and through all ages, in the first century or the last, the true heart of faith answers, in its final and glorified hour, to the prayer of Jesus, "With me, where I am."

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

CALM lay the city in its double sleep,
Beneath the Paschal moon's cold, silvery light,
That flung broad shadows o'er the rugged steep
Of Olivet that night.

But soon the calm was broken, and the sound
Of strains all sweet and plaintive filled the air ;
And deep-toned voices, echoing all around,
 Made music everywhere.

The Holy Rite is o'er ; the Blessed Sign
Is given to cheer us in this earthly strife ;
The bread is broken, and outpoured the wine,
 Symbol of better Life.

The bitter cup of wrath before Him lies ;
And yet, as up the steep they pass along,
The mighty Victim to the sacrifice,
 They cheer the way with song.

We ne'er can know such sorrow as that night
Pierced to the heart the suffering Son of God ;
And every earthly sadness is but light,
 To that dark path He trod.

And yet how faint and feeble rise our songs !
How oft we linger 'mid the shadows dim,
Nor give the glory that to Him belongs
 In Eucharistic hymn !

Oh for an echo of that chant of praise !
Oh for a voice to sing His mighty love !

Oh for a refrain of the hymns they raise
In the bright Home above !

Touch Thou our wayward hearts, and let them be
In stronger faith to Thy glad service given ;
Till, o'er the margin of Time's surging sea,
We sing the song of Heaven.

Lyra Anglicana.

CHRIST is so related now, to the souls of them that receive Him, that He is present with them in all places, at all times, bearing witness with their spirits, in guidance and holy society ; a friend, a consoler, a glorious illuminator, all that He would or could be, if we had Him, each to himself, in outward company. Yes : and He is more than this ; for, if we simply had Him in such outward company, the contrast perceived would be even mortifying and oppressive. But now, as He comes up from within, through our personal consciousness itself, we are raised in dignity, and have Him as the sense of a new and nobler self unfolded in

us. Oh, what a footing is this for a mortal creature to occupy!—an open relationship with Christ and God, in which it shall receive just all which it wants, being consciously girded with strength for whatever it has to do,—patience for suffering, wisdom for guidance. His very nature is penetrated by a higher nature; and, being spirit to Spirit, he moves in the liberty of that superior impulse and advisement. His relationship to Christ is that of the branch to the vine; and the presence that he has with Christ is immediate, vital, and, if he will suffer it, perpetual. Its whole Gospel in one view it has in the promise, “Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world.”

H. BUSHNELL.



THOU pure light of souls that love,
True joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
Our Saviour and Redeemer blest! —

Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal,
Be Thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul;
In death, our everlasting prize.

Breviary.

AND speakest thou thus?
Despairing of the sun that sets to thee,
And of the earthly love that wanes to thee,
And of the heaven that lieth far from thee?
Peace, peace, fond fool! One draweth near thy
door

Whose footsteps leave no print across the snow;
Thy sun has risen with comfort in his face, —
The smile of heaven, to warm thy frozen heart,
And bless with saintly hand. What! is it long
To wait, and far to go? Thou shalt not go:
Behold! across the snow to thee He comes;

Thy heaven descends, and is it long to wait?
Thou shalt not wait: "This night, this night," he
saith,
"I stand at the door, and knock."

What shall be
If thou wilt answer? He will smile on thee, —
One smile of His shall be enough to heal
The wound of man's neglect; and He will sigh,
Pitying the trouble which that sigh shall cure;
And He will speak, — speak in the desolate night,
In the dark night, "For me a thorny crown
Men wove, and nails were driven in my hands
And feet; there was an earthquake, and I died;
I died, and am alive for evermore.

I died for thee: for **thee I am alive**,
And my humanity doth **mourn** for thee:
For thou art mine; and all thy little ones, —
They, too, are mine, are mine. Behold! the house
Is dark; but there is brightness where the sons
Of God are singing, and, behold! the heart
Is troubled: yet the nations walk in white;
They have forgotten how to weep; and thou
Shalt also come, and I will foster thee
And satisfy thy soul; and thou shalt warm

Thy trembling life beneath the smile of God.

A little while, — it is a little while, —

A little while, and I will comfort thee :

I go away, but I will come again."

JEAN INGELOW.





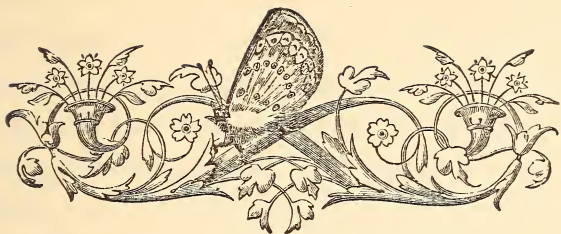
THE HEAVENLY HOME.



"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS: IF IT WERE NOT SO,
I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU. I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU,"—
John xiv. 2.







THE HEAVENLY HOME.



"**I** AM the way," says Christ; and whither, but to heaven? "Follow me," says Christ; and whither, but to heaven? "I will that where I am, there ye may be also;" and where is that but heaven? Does He not thus cry to us, "Come up hither?" Oh, may it be the answer of our hearts, "Lord, we come; for, blessed be thy name! whither thou hast gone and where Thou art, we know, and the way we know." What was the Redeemer's whole appearance on earth, but one earnest, unceasing, life-long entreaty, that men would turn to

God? It was all that men might "wash their robes and make them white in His blood, and therefore appear before the throne" on high ; it was all for *this* that He lay in the manger at Bethlehem ; it was all for this He went about doing good ; it was for *this* He preached His every sermon, and wrought His every miracle, and withstood His every temptation, and bore His every pang of pain. It was all for *this* that the sun was darkened, and the rocks were rent, and the dead came back, and all nature shuddered at the sufferings of the expiring Son of God.

There are few who have lived long in this world, and have not stood by the bed of the dying ; and let us hope that there are many who have seen a Christian friend or brother depart, — who have looked on such a one as life, but not love, ebbd away, — as the eye of sense grew dim, but that of faith waxed brighter and brighter. Have you heard such a one, in bidding you farewell, whisper that it was not for ever? have you heard such a one tell you so to

live, as that death might only remove you to a place where there is no dying? And, as you felt the pressure of that cold hand, and saw the earnest spirit that shone through those glazing eyes, have you not resolved and promised, that, God helping you, you would? And ever since have you not felt, that though death has sealed those lips, and that heart is turning back to clay, *that* voice is speaking yet, *that* heart is caring for you yet, *that* soul is remembering yet the words it last spoke to you? From the abode of glory it says, "Come up hither." The way is steep, the ascent is toilsome: it knows it well, for it trod it once; but it knows now what it knew not then, — how bright the reward, how pleasant the rest that remaineth, after the toil is past. And if we go with interest to the grave of a much-loved friend, who bade us, when dying, sometimes to visit the place where he should be laid when dead; if you hold a request like *that* sacred, — tell me, how much more solemnly and earnestly we should seek to go where the conscious spirit

lives, than where the senseless body moulders ! If day after day sees you come to shed the pensive tear of memory over the narrow bed where that dear one is sleeping ; if, amid the hot whirl of your daily engagements, you find a calm impressed as you stand in that still spot where no worldly care ever comes, and think of the heart which no grief vexes now ; if the sound of the world melts into distance and fades away on the ear, at that point whence the world looks so little ; if the setting sun, as it makes the gravestone glow, reminds you of evening hours and evening scenes long since departed, and the waving grass, through which the wind sighs so softly, speaks of that one who "faded as a leaf," and left you like "a wind that passeth away and cometh not again," —oh, how much more should every day see you striving up the way which will conduct you where the living spirit dwells, and whence it is ever calling to you, "Come up hither" ! It was the weak fancy of a dying man that bade you come to his burying-place ; but it is the per-

petual entreaty of a living seraph that invites you to join it *there*.

If, treading the upward way, you listen to the voices that float around it, till they grow familiar to your ear as your mother's voice, and sweet like that of your native river; till the habit of attention grows into your soul, and their ever-regarded sound always warms and cheers, and swells your heart,—oh, what a happy meeting *that* will be, when your sun is set and your journey finished; when the voices that called you coming shall welcome you come; when the voices which came sweetly from afar, and sounded pleasant even amid the world's din, shall be sweeter yet close at hand, as they stir the leaves of the tree of life, and melt away upon that tranquil sea; when many holy ones and dear ones shall crowd around you, and greet you, now grown pure and holy as themselves, in accents so familiar and friendly, that you will feel you are now at last *at home!* And then, more conscious of the soul's great worth, and more bent upon the bliss of

others, you will add your own to that Great Voice which from heaven calls to all on earth, and says, "Come up hither."

Boyd.



NO bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still ;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew ;

For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side,
We saw the hill-tops glorified, —

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom ;
With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear !

Sudden our pathway turned from night ;
The hills swung open to the light ;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed,
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled ;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold ;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side !

“So,” prayed we, “when our feet draw near
The river dark, with mortal fear,

“And the night cometh chill with dew,
O Father! let thy light break through!

“So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

“So let the eyes that fail on earth,
On thy eternal hills look forth;

“And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below!”

J. G. WHITTIER.



THE walk through the earthly life is very calm and peaceful when one has nothing to fear, but every thing to hope; when by faith the sting is taken from death, by the fear of which countless men are slaves for their whole life; when the natural dread of this great, wondrous event is swallowed up in the

joyful courage of Christian hope, which sees in death only a birth into a more perfect life. Those who long for home are already dead in the midst of the earthly life. They are familiar with the idea from which others flee in terror, -- that the time will come when their eye, too, will grow dim, their heart stand still, their last thought sink into the darkness of unconsciousness, that then the coffin and the grave will close over their dissolving frame. They *are* dead. They have within them experienced and survived death. They know that to them, beyond death, life is made sure, in communion with Him who says to his disciples, "Because I live, ye shall live also." And when from their home they shall glance back to the checkered world, there rests upon it a mild, peaceful light, which harmonizes all its discords, and reveals to them here, even in the works of His creation, as in a mirror, the glory of God, which they shall one day fully see. Nature has to them a livelier radiance, and prophecies of its future transfiguration. More grateful

are the forms of those human relations in which the penetrating glance of aspiring love to the Eternal One, easily discovers the seeds of a higher, imperishable development. That passionate dependence on the goods of the earthly life, that immoderate joy, that rapture in their possession, you may not, indeed, expect from them. They have become acquainted with something better than this world can proffer. The calm, blessed consciousness, that they are called to something infinitely higher and more glorious, constantly accompanies them. But are they, therefore, less capable of appreciating and enjoying earthly beauties and blessings, because, in the view of death and the future life, they have found, and ever hold fast, their right measure? And how much easier are the pains and toils of this perishable life borne, when the eye of the soul is directed to its eternal home! Oh, then, with the Apostle Paul, we hold, "that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us"! Then

we enjoy, in the midst of affliction and need, a holy peace, by the power of living hope, "as dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

And whether the great hour comes early or late, when the gates of the Father's house open,—the hour when the Lord beckons to the weary pilgrim to come out of the body,—oh, how calm and courageously do we enter, then, into the mysterious, silent night of the valley of death, leaning on the hand of Him who has for our eternal salvation trod this narrow, dark path! As a child upon a perilous way clings to its mother, so do we cling closely to Him who has taken from death its power through His death, and has brought life and immortality to light through His resurrection. Only a few steps are to be taken in that valley of pain; for only a few moments does our outward nature struggle against the dissolving power of death. Then it is over. The dark shades disappear, and into the enraptured eye beams,

in the mildest, most blessed radiance, the Eternal Home. Yes, "we are always confident," whether in life or in death. With calm longing, our glance rests upon the blessed Home which lies before us, and life appears to us peaceful, and death sweet. The thorns of our pilgrim-path no longer wound us, and the entrance to the Father's house is no more narrow and fearful. The waste blooms into a garden of the Lord, and the dark valley becomes a light, lovely path. With refreshing peace within, praising God with heart and mouth, we joyfully walk toward the beloved Home.

MÜLLER.

NEARER home ! nearer home !
However dark and lonely
The path through which we roam,
This is a journey only ;
And though we oft, affrighted,
Shrink back with sigh and moan,
Our camp-fires still are lighted,
" A day's march nearer home."

Nearer home ! nearer home !
Oh, joy beyond expressing,
That over thorn and stone
Our feet are homeward pressing !
For, though we leave behind us
Some buds of hope unblown,
The sunset still doth find us
“ A day’s march nearer home.”

Nearer home ! nearer home !
O many-mansioned dwelling !
Beneath thy shining dome
No tides of grief are swelling ;
And toward thy fadeless glory
With eager haste we come,
Repeating earth’s brief story,
“ A day’s march nearer home.”

Nearer home ! nearer home !
Soon, through its open portals,
The ransomed hosts will come,
To welcome us immortals.
Then, be the path before us
With wrecks or roses strewn,
Each night we’ll sing in chorus,
“ A day’s march nearer home.”

"OH what joy!" exclaimed Dr. Gordon. "People have said that death is frightful: I look on it with pleasure. I see no monsters around me. Death!—I see no death at my bedside: it is that benign Saviour, waiting to take me. I could not have a fear. This is not the testimony of one who has nothing to live for. I am in the prime of life, with comforts and friends around me. But the prospect of heaven is more than all. I fear I am sinfully impatient in so longing after heaven; but it is so glorious! Christ, not death, is about to take me from earth. There is no death to the Christian. That glorious gospel takes away death." Such a departure is *mors sine morte*,—a dying without death: it is the believer's birth-day of eternity,—his last, best birthday; his birth into glory unutterable and unending.

What is it to die? To believers, it is to drop the body of this death, and to put on a joyous immortality; to pass from darkness to everlast-

ing sunlight; to cease dreaming, and commence a waking existence; yes, to awake in the likeness of God, — satisfied, fully and forever satisfied. What is it to die? To feel the last pang, to shed the last tear, to raise the shield of faith against Satan's last dart. It is to go home to God; to open the eyes on the enthroned Mediator; to close the ears upon all discords, all sounds of woe, all the falsehoods, the maledictions, the blasphemies of earth, and open them to the harmonies of heaven. What is it to die? It is to stop sinning, to cease grieving the Spirit and grieving the Saviour, to close up the inconsistencies of terrestrial profession, and commence a forever-blameless life in bliss. What is it to die? To lean on the Almighty for a few steps down a narrow valley; to step out of Jordan, upon the borders of the Better Land; to pass up to the New Jerusalem; to enter by one of those gates of pearl into the city; to have ten thousand angels come, and utter their cordial welcome; to see the Saviour smile benignantly, and to hear

Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

A. C. THOMPSON.

THE Apostle slept; a light shone in the prison;
An angel touched his side:
"Arise," he said; and quickly he hath risen,
His fettered arms untied.

The watchers saw no light at midnight gleaming,
They heard no sound of feet:
The gates fly open; and the saint, still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street.

So, when the Christian's eyelid droops and closes
In nature's parting strife,
A friendly angel stands where he reposes,
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases
The spirit from its clay;
From sin's temptations and from life's distresses
He bids it come away.

It rises up ; and, from its darksome mansion,
 It takes its silent flight ;
And feels its freedom in the large expansion
 Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly :
 It now is far from them ;
For it has reached the city of the saintly, —
 The New Jerusalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
 The loss of one they love ;
But he has gone where the redeemed are keeping
 A Festival above.

The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple
 The funeral bell tolls slow ;
But on the golden streets the holy people
 Are passing to and fro,

And saying, as they meet, " Rejoice : another,
 Long waited for, is come ; "
The Saviour's heart is glad ; a younger brother
 Hath reached the Father's home.

J. D. BURNS.

THERE remaineth for the Christian a rest, and he looks forward with joyful confidence to that rest, when he shall depart, and be with Christ. When this glorious result of his course shall have been attained, his dispensation of conflicts and sorrows will have passed; and he will find himself in an enduring state of spiritual rest. Whatever griefs have arisen from mere earthly circumstances, they will have ceased for ever. There will be no lamentation where nothing can be lost. There can be no suspense where nothing is uncertain. There can be no contest where there is no enemy, no repentance where there is no sin. There it will have become true, that all tears are wiped from the eyes of those who are glorified with Christ.

Under this inviting aspect, the Holy Spirit often presents the future dwelling of the redeemed soul. There the weary are at rest. It is not, however, mere dormancy of being, — a merely negative rest. There is occupation

and duty and positive pleasure, suited to the enlarged capacities and the holy tendencies of glorified spirits. Each wearied believer shall participate in this rest, and unite in the glory of the Lord, who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross and despised the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God. Within him will be peace, because all the power and propensities of sin have been annihilated for ever. Around him there will be peace; for but one desire and feeling shall govern the multitude of the redeemed, and one Master only shall they serve and follow.

But this rest with Christ is not the mere freedom of the soul from sorrow and care. It is the pure and spiritual satisfaction and delight which the redeemed spirit derives from the eternal possession of a Divine Saviour. It is the calm and confiding enjoyment of His perfections and His glory; it is the uninterrupted and unending contemplation of what He is, and what He has done for His people; it is the

overflowing delight which the purified mind and the enlarged heart of the sanctified believer experience, in the attainment and secure possession of an object infinitely precious, long sought-for and desired, and in no degree disappointing the expectations it has awakened; it is the triumphant passage of thought over unknown scenes and objects of glory, searching still more deeply into the unsearchable riches of grace, as revealed and laid up in the only-begotten Son of God; it is the unutterable joy of harmony and order, to a soul which is alive with the most delicate sensibility to the delight which they afford. It is the rest of an affectionate child in the wise and uniform government of a father's house; it is the rest of an intelligence now angelic,—may I not say superangelic, in the experience through which it has passed?—in the pure and spotless dominion of the Most High, all whose ways are perfect, and whose will is the highest manifestation of wisdom and love.

S. H. TYNG.

THERE is no night in heaven :
In that blest world above,
Work never can bring weariness ;
For work itself is love.

There is no night in heaven :
Yet nightly, round the bed
Of every Christian wanderer,
Faith hears an angel tread.

There is no grief in heaven :
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

There is no grief in heaven :
Yet angels from on high,
On golden pinions, earthward glide,
The Christian's tears to dry.

There is no sin in heaven :
Behold that blessed throng ;
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

There is no sin in heaven :
Here, who from sin is free ?
Yet angels aid us in our strife
For Christ's true liberty.

There is no death in heaven :
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.
There is no death in heaven :
But, when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parted soul,
And waft it to the skies.

Canterbury Hymnal.



IT is a Christian duty to dwell much more on the thought of future blessedness than most men do. If ever the Apostle's steps began to flag, the radiant diadem before him gave new vigor to his heart; and we know how, at the close of his career, the vision became more vivid and more entrancing: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory." It is our privilege, if we are on our way to God, to keep steadily before us the thought of home. Make it a matter of habit. Force yourself at night, alone, and in the midst of the world's bright sights, to pause to think of the heaven

which is yours. Let it calm you and ennoble you, and give you cheerfulness to endure. It was so that Moses was enabled to live amongst all the fascinations of his courtly life, with a heart unseduced from his laborious destiny; by faith, "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." Why? "For he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." It was so that our Master strengthened His human soul for its sharp earthly endurance: "For the joy that was set before Him, He endured the cross, despising the shame." If we would become heavenly-minded, we must let the imagination realize the blessedness to which we are moving on. Let us think much of rest, — the rest which is not of indolence, but of powers in perfect equilibrium; the rest which is deep as summer midnight, yet full of life and force as summer sunshine, — the Sabbath of Eternity. Let us think of the love of God, which we shall feel, in its full tide, upon our souls. Let us think of that marvellous career of sublime

occupation, which shall belong to the spirits of just men made perfect; when we shall fill a higher place in God's universe, and more consciously, and with more distinct insight, co-operate with God in the rule over His Creation.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

WE have no home on earth below ;
And time is short, and heaven is near :
Oh that our hearts were weanèd so
That we could live like strangers here ; —

Like pilgrims that have paused an hour,
To rest upon some foreign strand ;
Like banished men that love to pour
The praises of their Fatherland !

Bright are the flowers that God has lent
To bloom beneath the traveller's tread,
And beautiful the starry tent
He spreadeth o'er the pilgrim's head.

But, in the Land that's far away,
There needs no light of sun or moon ;
And flowers that never know decay
Along its starless shores are strewn.

Canterbury Hymnal.

I SHALL sin no more. Holiness is henceforth the air I breathe. I know no other now. I have left sin behind me : it will no more sully the ground I tread, no more stain my white raiment.

Oh, blessing of perfection ! To sound my own heart, and find only purity there ; to move at will in spontaneous obedience, as the bird floats, and traces wide circles in the luminous atmosphere.

To see truly, to think truly, to feel truly, — my heart beats high at such a prospect. This breathless pursuit to lay hold of truth ; this desperate struggle to retain it ; faith, that supreme effort, that combat where the life of the soul is at stake, — all this is over, left far behind. My eyes behold ; falsehood is annihilated ; error vanished away. Truth, thy radiance fills the sky ; thou art the medium in which I live. But thou shinest not for me alone : thou fillest the universe with thy glory. And this is another happiness.

Thy compassion, Lord, blended with Thy justice ; Thy justice throbbing with tenderness, —these we shall see, these the universe will see. Not one accusing sigh will rise up to Thy throne.

There will be music there. No harmony here below ; not even those marvellous strains, chanted by instruments, repeated by our human voices, which make us weep as though coming to us from the land of the blest ; not even those modulations spreading from sphere to sphere, infinite in sadness, infinite in joy ; not even this glory of the ideal, — can give any idea of the harmonies with which heaven will echo.

The secrets of creation, the plans of God revealed, —harmonies more touching still, — it is in these that our thirst of knowledge, ever satisfied, never sated ; will at last be quenched.

We shall be active. Heaven has in store for us delightful labors, easy as respiration, refreshing as dew ; and to these there will be no end.

A permanent state. This is the fulness of joy. My heart can rest in it. *For ever!*

I have felt such bliss, that heaven, I have thought, could add nothing to it, — lightning flashes of adoration, love, truth, all combined: but it was only for a moment; and the certainty that it would end cast its dark shadow over it.

But in the presence of my God, in His paradise, there will be no end.

The light will not fade, the heart will not fail, the Lord will not hide His face; nothing will pale, nothing will grow cold; no defection will be possible, the full cup will never break, our lips never turn away.

Eternal youth, eternal desire, eternal enjoyment. And the essence of this eternity, — *love*.

MADAME DE GASPARIN.



BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy
skies,

Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal, —

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But bloom for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers;

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim, earthly vision;
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes these gates Elysian:

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And, while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown ! O land of love divine !
Father all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of
mine
Into those pastures vernal.

N. A. W. PRIEST.



WHEN Mr. Standfast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river ; wherefore Mr. Standfast, when he was about half-way in, stood awhile, and talked with his companions that had waited upon him thither. And he said, This river has been a terror to many ; yea, the thoughts of it have also frightened me : but now methinks I stand easy ; my foot is fixed upon that on

which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood while Israel went over Jordan. The waters indeed are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the conduct that waits for me on the other side, doth lie as a glowing coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey: my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head that was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and, wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His name has been to me as a civet-box; yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet; and His countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His words I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes

against my faintings. He has held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps hath He strengthened in His way.

Now while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him; and after he had said, Take me, for I come unto Thee, he ceased to be seen of them.

But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players upon stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city.

BUNYAN.



NOW, I saw in *my* dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo! as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them, — the harps to praise

withal, and the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my dream, that all the bells in the City rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, "ENTER YE INTO THE JOY OF YOUR LORD."

I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the City shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings; and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord." And after that they shut up the gates; which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

BUNYAN.

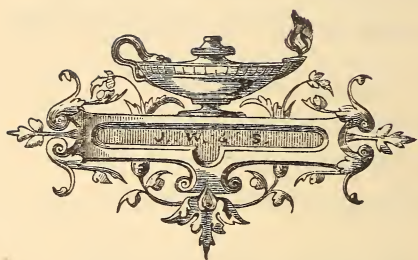
THEY say the waves are dark and deep,
That faith has perished in the river ;
They speak of death with fear, and weep ;
Shall my soul perish ? — never, never.

I know that Thou wilt never leave
The soul that trembles while it clings
To Thee ; I know Thou wilt achieve
Its passage on Thine outspread wings,

I cannot see the golden gate
Unfolding yet to welcome me ;
I cannot yet anticipate
The joy of heaven's jubilee :

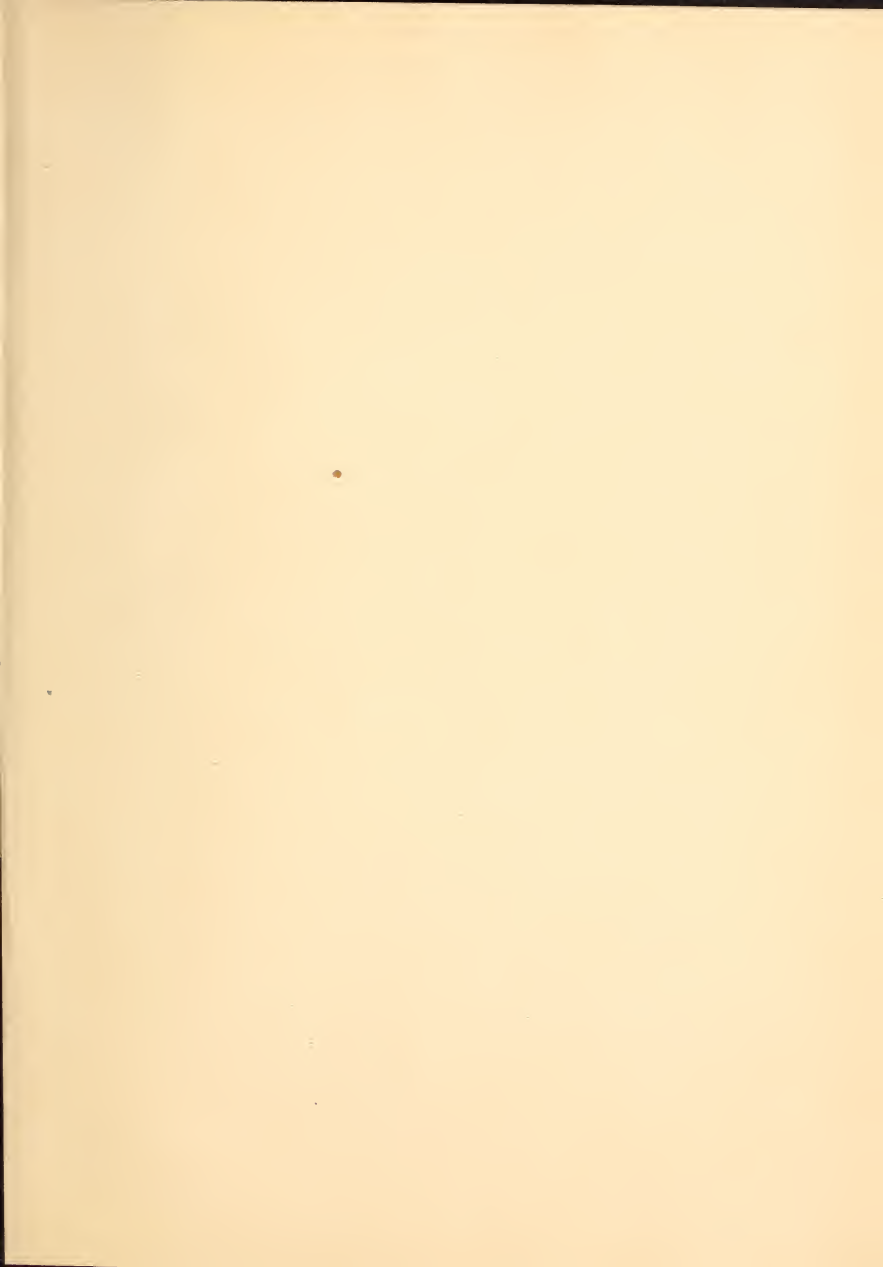
But I will calmly watch and pray,
Until I hear my Saviour's voice
Calling my happy soul away
To see His glory, and rejoice.













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